

DISCORDER

MAY 2015 THAT TEENAGE LOBOTOMY MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



THE PAPER LANTERNS

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

STEPHEN MALKMUS

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS

VANCOUVER/NORTHWEST HARDCORE SCENE REPORT

BEN KWELLER

GEOFF BERNER

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TRONIC

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ALL PARTY...**

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BIGGEST AND
THE BADDEST

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COMMODORE
BALLROOM

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MAY 4

OFFICIAL SLAM 10! WRAP PARTY

BAD RELIGION

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE CASUALTIES
AND GUESTS
CLOSET MONSTER

VANS
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MAY 11

ADULT.

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
MAGAS & VIKI
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & SCRATCH

A.

agguerrilla

nordic trux MY

SOMAR

SATURDAY MAY 17

Levellers

EARLY SHOW @ 8 PM • TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & SCRATCH

THE ROYAL

MAY 18

PREFUSE 73
ONE WORD EXTINGUISHER
special guests: RJD2 & A Grape Dope

agguerrilla, nordic trux MY

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MAY 19

everclear
slow motion daydream tour

with special guests
the exies

DOORS 3PM, SHOW 4PM — ALL AGES

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY MAY 23

MY MORNING JACKET

BURNING PRIDES

AND GUESTS DETACHMENT KIT

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FRIDAY MAY 23

SAM ROBERTS

WITH GUESTS: RIDLEY BENT, METRIC, GRACE NOCTURNAL

Photo credit: Andy Schaffner

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY MAY 30

BURLESQUEFEST
www.burlesquefest.com

STARRING:
Catherine D'Lish
Kitty Crimson

FEATURING:
Empire Burlesque Follies
Oracle Dance

PUG
MC Ritten On The Keys
Music by Devoticha

SEATED EVENT — ALL AGES

COMMODORE BALLROOM

JUNE 14

GOLDFINGER

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
2 SHOWS

ALL AGES
AFTERNOON SHOW
DOORS 2PM

19+
EVENING SHOW
DOORS 8PM

COMMODORE BALLROOM

Mint Recording Artists celebrating the release of their album
ELECTRIC VERSION

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS

Blaine Thurier • Kurt Dable • Neko Case • Todd Fancey • Carl Newman • John Callier

with special guests
cinerama
Reuniting The Wedding Present's David Golge

and Minnesota Recording Artists
the organ

FRIDAY JUNE 13

COMMODORE

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ACOUSTIC performance BY

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and guests

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and

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sunday may 25
plaza of nations

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THE VANS WARPED TOUR CRASH & BURN!

The BANDS

RANCID * PENNYWISE * DROPKICK MURPHYS
SIMPLE PLAN * LESS THAN JAKE * THE USED
LIVE ON RELEASE * FACE TO FACE * ANDREW
W.K. * SUICIDE MACHINES * THE ATARIS
GLASSJAW * POISON THE WELL * TAKING
BACK SUNDAY * MEST * THRICE * DAMONE
SLICK SHOES * S.T.U.N. * UNSEEN * RUFIO
MAD CADDIES * VENDETTA RED * TSUNAMI
BOMB * MAXEEN * IN N TEAM * THE HEATHENS
LETTER KILLS * WITHOUT SELF * WESTERN
WASTE * PEPPER * VAUX * DESTRUCTION
MADE SIMPLE * 7TH STANDARD * AVENGED
SEVENFOLD * ARKHAM * MATCHBOOK ROMANCE

New For 2003

FRIDAY JULY 4
**THUNDERBIRD
STADIUM**

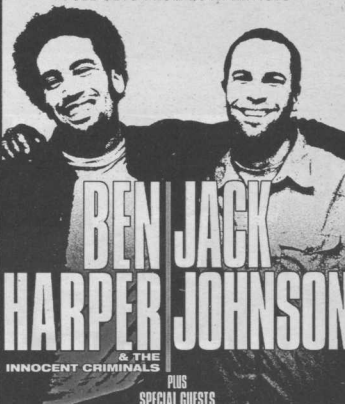
DOORS NOON - SHOW 1:00 PM
8 HOUR SHOW!

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU RECORDS

**ALL
AGES!**



FULL SETS FROM BOTH ARTISTS

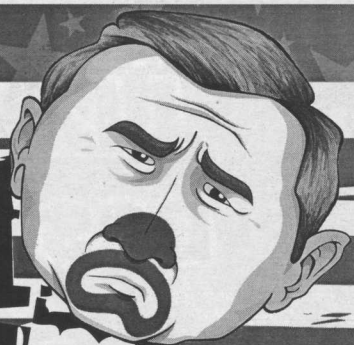


**BEN JACK
HARPER JOHNSON**
& THE
INNOCENT CRIMINALS
PLUS
SPECIAL GUESTS
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AUGUST 22**
**THUNDERBIRD
STADIUM**

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NOFX



The War On Errorism

05-06-03



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DISCORDER

ISSUE 240 • MAY 2003 • THAT TOTALLY PANTS MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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Cover

Lori Kiesel took the picture that graces our front cover this month. Look familiar? It should. And if not, go and check your Ramones collection again. Yeah, that's right, you just go over to that shelf and pull all of those albums or CDs out and you have a look. Then savour the goodness.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the May issue is May 14. Ad space is available until May 21 and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DISCORDER at discord@cluba.ms.ubc.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: ctrmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6118 508 Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

I got mad at The Cheat for screwing up the Jumble Cap. I hope I don't see his name in the paper in the obituaries, because that would mean he's dead. The Cheat is not dead. I'm so glad The Cheat is not dead.

printed in canada

SONAR



66 water st vancouver bc
 604 683 6695

events at a glance:

MATEO & MATOS - (SAT) MAY 3

Their jams on King Street, Defected, Nervous, Large, and Glasgow Underground, are found in crates around the housey globe. Come down and catch these guys in an exclusive 3 hour DJ set. Doors 9:00pm \$10.00 advance tickets available at Active Pass, Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, On Deck, Sonar

MR. LIF & DJ FAKTS ONE W/ OLDDOMINION & DJ J. QUEST - (SUN) MAY 4

MR. LIF & DJ FAKTS ONE (Definitive Jux Records, Boston) w/ OLDDOMINION (Portland) & DJ J. Quest (Seattle). For those who have grown weary of seeing lackluster hip-hop performances, Mr. Lif is a sigh of relief. He approaches the stage with an aggressive charisma that fully captivates the audience. After he has dazzled you with verbal dexterity and potent content of his written material, Mr. Lif will not hesitate to amaze you with freestyle lyrics of equal calibre. End your Slam City Weekend proper. Doors 9pm/\$8 Door Only (Open until 2:00am!)

KYOTO JAZZ MASSIVE - (THU) MAY 8

Hailing from Tokyo, Kyoto Jazz Massive specialize in the kind of modern soul and deep nu-jazz that have won Compost Records fans the world over. For those who dig Kruder & Dorfmeister and Thievery Corporation. Doors 9pm/19:50/17:50 advance tickets (incl. GST) plus S/C at all Ticketmaster outlets. Charge by phone 604.280.4444 or online at www.ticketmaster.ca Tickets also available at Zulu and Highlife.

THE RAPTURE - (SAT) MAY 10

The Rapture are a lo-fi, electroclash/new-wave group from San Diego with releases on GSL, Gravity Records, and DFA Records. They are being supported by their hi-fi Seattleite counterparts Hint Hint on Cold Crush records and DJ's March21st Circlesquare (Output Recordings UK) & Konrad Black (Swayzak Recordings / Studio K7). This show is sure to sell out, so buy your tickets now! Tickets available in Zulu, Scratch, Red Cat, Teenage Rampage, and all Ticketmaster outlets.

ADULT - (SUN) MAY 11

With special guests MAGAS (Ersatz Audio/Weekend Records, Chicago USA) & VIKI, ADULT's fans range from Detroit Techno snobs to indie Rockers to Electro-Goths and are currently considered one of the coolest bands in music today. A fantastic night out for those who like their music on the cutting edge. Doors 8pm/ \$12.50 advance tickets (incl. GST) plus S/C at all Ticketmaster outlets. Charge by phone 604.280.4444 or online at www.ticketmaster.ca also available at Zulu and Scratch.

TACTICAL: TECHNO SHOWCASE 01 - (THU) MAY 15

PH1.ca presents the first in a series of local talent showcases pushing the limit of Techno in Vancouver. Tactical Techno Showcase intends to bring together the local techno DJ's, producers and collectives for a series of events showcasing their passions. This edition featuring: MISS INNOCENT (Soundproof.ca) Vancouver's globe-trotting hard techno/dance DJ, RC LAIR (Swell- Arizona) Full-range techno assault, voted Arizona's #1 DJ, REV (Vivid) Progressive-tekfunk, and TY WARCUP (Svara) A tek journey. Doors 9:30pm

ENJOY LONG WEEKEND - (SUN) MAY 18

Long Weekend Sunday, May 18 at Sonar 66 Water St open till 2am Our first Long Weekend Sunday party in April was nuts and this will be no different. Be ready for the hottest Long Weekend Sunday party as the city has waited long enough. 2 rooms of hip-hop, r&b, reggae, old school, funk, and classic grooves to get down in. DJs Physik, P-Juv, Goodfellas, GMAN, Hedsap and more. Always a sold out event so arrive early. \$7 at door.

FREESTYLERS @ "THE LAST TIME" - (THU) MAY 22

FREESTYLERS (Mammoth Records, Heavyweight / FX3, DJ and MC Set - UK) Here for the final chapter of LIME, we are privileged to have Matt and Aston on board. The boys have been dubbed with out a doubt, as the innovators of the Break beat sound and Culture. Fitting between the Grooves of Dance, Reggae and Freestyle Hip Hop, they certainly know how to throw down the Monster basslines and funk. Plus Grooverabbit & Czech, Upstairs in the Lounge: (Drum & bass/Jungle/Reggae) Dabbler, Marky Mark, Double A. Doors 9:30pm/ \$17 Advance / More at the door if available

LAST BAND STANDING - (FRI) MAY 23

XFM's Last Band Standing (2003) showcase featuring the XFM Last Band Standing winner and 2 runner ups. Check out www.1049xfm.com for full details.

2003 TECHNICS DMC DJ CHAMPIONSHIPS - (FRI) MAY 30

Celebrating 10 years of DMC in Canada, here we go again this time at DIRTY DEEDS. Presented by Triple Five Soul, Motee 1 & Layz are back to host the DMC elimination. CIRCA DJs, Matt the Alien, Vinyl Ritchie, and DJ Czech rockin' the spot. Plus 3rd Annual Open Invitation Who's #1 B-boy/Girl Battle (prizes to be won) Solo breakers only. Doors 8pm/\$10 Advance tickets at Bassix, Futuristic Flavour and Zulu.

H-FOUNDATION - (SAT) MAY 31

Who's that on the cover of DJ Magazine? Well we'll be damned if it's not our very own Hipp-E and Halo of H-Foundation! Dropping their long-awaited 'Environments' LP for Soma (and Virgin in Canada) this Spring, the duo that got house is killing it on the road in support of this fabulous LP. Plus Large residents. Doors at 9pm. Cover 10!

IMPORTANT

Please remember to bring two pieces of ID. The club is required by law to ask anyone who appears to be under the age of 25 for two pieces of ID. The second piece must include your name with your photograph or signature.

NIGHTS

W E D	GRANDE - R&B / HIP HOP / REGGAE
T H R	WEEKLY ROTATION - SPECIAL EVENTS
F R I	DIRTY DEEDS - HIP HOP / ROCK / FUNK
S A T	LARGE - HOUSE

for more info on these shows and our complete calendar log onto
www.sonar.bc.ca



READYMADE | www.readymade-yvr.com



THE WAKING EYES



PAPER MOON | www.papermoon.ca



THE MELIGROVE BAND | www.meligroveband.com



RADIOGRAM | www.radiogram.org

MELIGROVE BAND ON NATIONAL TV CBC Newsworld's PLAY

May 8th (8pm) • May 9th (5pm) • May 10th (4pm)

ENDEARING RECORDS EVENING AT NEW MUSIC WEST

Thursday, May 22 @ The Purple Onion

readymade
the waking eyes
paper moon
the meligrove band
dion (ex - salteens)

RADIOGRAM AT THE SUGAR REFINERY Saturday, May 24

WAKING EYES ENCORE PERFORMANCE

Sunday, May 25 @ The Pic
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6 May 2003

music sucks

editorializing by Chris Eng

Okay, here's how it is, and I know it hurts, but you have to acknowledge the inherent truth in what I say:

CONCERT TOURS ARE ONE OF THE BIGGEST LOADS OF BULLSHIT EVER VISITED ON THE GENERAL PUBLIC VIA THE MUSIC INDUSTRY.

They are crap. All crap. Loads of crap. Mountains of lumpy smelly feces baking on the tarmac of a converted speedway for an afternoon, near the \$5 hot dog stand and adjacent to the booth selling \$40 t-shirts. A chance for people to shell out

with Lollapalooza 1, back in '91. I mean, it was kinda cool that they had bands like Ice-T, Siouxsie, The Violent Femmes, and Fishbone playing on the bill, but who did they get the next year? Soundgarden, The Red Hot Chili Peppers, and FUCKING PEARL JAM! One year—one single year—and a semi-decent idea was twisted into a flaming bag of turds. A flaming bag that over the next decade spawned other horrific flaming bags like The Family Values Tour and Ozfest. I mean, how badly do we need to witness a bunch of senile geriatrics shambling around vacantly on a massive plat-

their Big Chill-style tours this year? The Allman Brothers, Meat Loaf, James Taylor, Duran Duran, KISS, Aerosmith, Joe Cocker, King Crimson, Ringo Starr & His All-Starr Band, Santana, Rolling Stones, The Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, Paul McCartney, The Yardbirds, and Steely Dan. STEELY DAN!

"Hey guys, 'Rikki Don't Lose That Number' is the surprise hit of the year! We're putting the band back together and heading out on the road!" Christ, these guys were "Reelin' in the Years" back in 1972—I can only imagine how the intervening 30 years have treated them.

Hang it up! GO HOME! Retire! All of you! If you want to take a fast buck, sell autographed press photos of yourself on eBay! And while you're at it, make sure they're pictures from 1979, because we really don't care what you look like nowadays. Actually, worse, we fear what your saggy, wrinkly ass looks like today! It scares us. Debbie Harry on 1990's *Escape From New York* Tour scared me for life! And that was more than a full decade ago! Thirteen years past that point, The Eagles are probably forced to wear KISS-style makeup simply to hold their faces in place and keep their jowls from sinking toward the ground like Droopy in an old MGM cartoon.



\$60 for the privilege of seeing their favourite band play a half-assed, hung-over, 20-minute set in the blistering heat; a chance for them to pay for heat-stroke because there's no shade and they can't afford the \$12 Evians to keep themselves hydrated—a chance to break the bank while simultaneously having a shitty time.

How shitty? So shitty that everyone has to spend all their money on all of the aforementioned junk, because if they spent all that money they must have had a good time, and they couldn't have had a bad time because they were waiting months and months to see it and Beck was awesome—I mean, you couldn't really see him, because he was too far away, but you could sort of hear him through the crappy PA and just knowing you were in the same auditorium as him was cool enough—and besides, they got some rad stuff like the Sum-41 glow-in-the-dark keychain and they met the chick that played Lara Croft's stunt double and that's pretty wicked, isn't it? Well, isn't it?

NO, IT ISN'T. It wasn't even a REALLY good idea when Perry Farrell kick-started the whole

Concert tours are mountains of lumpy smelly feces baking on the tarmac of a converted speedway for an afternoon.

form and trying to pass themselves off as Black Sabbath? I think it's somewhere right in the area of "not at all." And that's just the outdoor festival shows!

Summer is also the time when all of the sad, old codgers who have spent the winter drinking and reminiscing about their glory days dust off their guitars and trudge out to GM Place and the Pacific Coliseum and the Commodore and Studebaker's. The time when people that haven't played anything remotely decent in over two decades try to shimmy into their old leather pants and hold a crowd captive for over an hour.

"Uh, the guitarist is going into arrest. Set off another pyrotechnic explosion and throw a Pepsi ad on the overhead display or the crowd will get bored."

And which Top 40 Rock Combos ran their savings accounts dry, and are having

So, what are the alternatives? Well, there's only one in all of the aforementioned cases: DON'T FUCKING GO. Stay home and spend \$60 on a decent CD, a flat of beer, and a lawn chair. Put your stereo speakers in your front window. Put the CD in your stereo, press repeat, and turn it up really loud. Set up your lawn chair on your front lawn (or patio or whatever you've got). Set the flat of beer down next to the lawn chair. Sit in your lawn chair, and start drinking your beer. Wait for the police to arrive. Voila! Automatically more fun than you'd have packed into a grassy mud-pit with a bunch of hoisting 'roid monkeys punching each other in the head for a chance to stand within ten feet of Coldplay. Then again, smashing your CD collection with a ball-peen hammer is more fun than that. And so is seeing your favourite local band play an all-ages show. JYL FYI.

dear airhead

#233-6138 SUB Blvd. Vancouver BC V6T 1Z1
disorder@club.ams.ubc.ca

A BUNCH OF TWISTED HACKS

dear disorder:
thanks for the utterly charming review of the utterly charming record (*Under Review*, April 2003). I hope whoever this lg beghot person you seem so violently opposed to (who seems to be impersonating me!) enjoys it as much as i, as for the self-professed "twisted hack" who penned the screamingly funny review in question, maybe if he had a better vocabulary he'd get to write for a real publication someday. And then his/her prose might find its way onto a cd cover...

kisses,
ld beghot
(who, incidentally, loathes belle & bloody sebastian nearly as much as you)

Well, just be pleased you're not LG beghot—I fucking hate him. "Screamingly funny": thanks, I do try, merek
(BTW, I actually quite like Belle and Sebastian, especially that song *Chickfactor*. Do you know Chickfactor?)

A BUNCH OF HACKING TWITS

Somehow in the last issue, Natalie Vermeer got identified as "Natalie Gordaner". We have no idea how this happened. Does this make sense? No, not at all. I mean, it's not like our fingers could have slipped, making us accidentally type that; it's a completely different word. On the other hand, I swear I went back and double-checked the names, and Merek thought it was some joke or *nom de plume*. So, it went to press and then Natalie sent us an email very politely pointing out our egregious error. So, we would like to apologise to Natalie. APCOLISE FOR THE CRAZY-ASS GREMLINS THAT ARE APPARENTLY RUNNING AROUND UP HERE, TYPING ZANY CRAP INTO OUR COMPUTERS AND GENERALLY RUINING OUR PEACE OF MIND AND THAT OF OUR WRITERS!

I swear that after we leave, an army of weird, scaly-skinned creatures breaks into the office and boots up our computers, changing our stuff and corrupting the files. I mean, the only other option is that the computers are breaking themselves! Really—do you have

any conception how pathetic they are? They break down all the time! It's like they've got SAD and they're all, "It's gloomy outside. I don't wanna work today. Muh." Well, FUCK THE COMPUTERS! This is my last stand, my Waterloo, my Death Star: they either start working or I go all crazy on them like Linda Hamilton in the *Terminator* movies. Seriously, if I keep getting "Out of Memory" messages and bomb symbols, I'll be fully psychically to dust off my Phase Plasma Rifle in a 40 watt range and take on a fucking army of Macintosh Hunter-Killers powered by WinZK. Are they laughing at us? Have they been secretly imbued with sentience and have nothing better to do than yuck it up at the antics of a couple of poor slob trying to put out a local music/culture magazine? I bet that's it. Hey, computers—I know you're bugged by the impending arrival of TS: Rise of the Machines, but you'd still better remember that T2 was *Judgment Day*, and that day can arrive twice. Especially if you push the staff, or keep spelling our writers' names wrong. Believe it.

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

As I write this Hussein has not been found, nor is there even talk of finding him. Once again, speculative writing as world events much larger than we yet understand unfold in the Middle East.

The Cruelty of Whiplash

Scenario: "I told you so." The US "finds" chemical weapons, or plans thereof (a single, small missile, a crude and dated schematic—it doesn't matter, simulacra or actual treasure). The whiplash of the international press (notably the "Military Cheerleader" CNN): "France and Germany should be ashamed." The EU is split; the US dollar regains control as Iraq oil is given the "freedom" it deserves. (Amnesty International has already complained that oil pipelines have better US military support than hospitals, water supplies, and food convoys.) Although unlikely, the US makes a move for Syria, and complete control in the region is established not through an iron fist, but through chaos. What is occurring right now in the Middle East—looting, ransacking, widespread violence and disorder, a return of despotic warlords, the increasing influence of religious power—is the prime condition for a cruel control not of territory, but of corridors and movements: pipelines are the links between strategic points (oil wells, port cities, airports); regional areas provide blanket ethical cover ("Baghdad is back under control"—placation of the international community) while vast expanses are given over to local totalitarian control (fund various theocratic factions; let them destroy each other, or better yet, let them continue the hunt for Bin Laden, Hussein, et al. in Syria or the mountains, further dividing the Muslim communities). In such a scenario the UN is irrelevant. While in mid-March Blair was offering assurances as to the involvement of the UN, the short-memoried media has already embraced the "propositional future" forecasted by Rumsfeld and the Bush Administration: that the US-UK unilateral forces will control the region through force and appointed regional puppetry.

Was there ever a War?

After Gulf War I, Jean Baudrillard published a rather infamous book: *The Gulf War Did Not Take Place*. Widely misunderstood, Baudrillard's analysis was pertinent and precise in its hyperbole. A showdown never took place. Bush I walked out at high noon, cowboy style, to the Main Street shoot-out, but Saddam was nowhere to be found. Hide and seek. Perhaps even an orchestrated war, with blanks and backdrops. Saddam was comfortably reinstalled in power a few months later, and attempts by the Southern Iraqi people to overthrow the government were ignored by the US and international community (hence their reticence in acting today), while sanc-

tions against Iraq simply re-strengthened Hussein's regime and disastrously decimated the population and its access to health supplies, food, etc... Come Gulf War II: Bush I really means to get Saddam this time—or so we think. We have found Saddam? For that matter, have we found Bin Laden? Have there been any links uncovered between bin Laden and Hussein (never mind that bin Laden named Hussein's Iraq as also a potential target, for its "secularism")? This time something did take place—but a "War" proper it was not. A slaughter would perhaps be a more appropriate word: a crime would be another. Long live Salam Pax <dear_raed.blogspot.com>.

Re-Code Disinformation

Did you know that Wal-Mart is the second most used organization in the world behind the US Government? In any case, hacktivists Re-Code.com have been shut down by a combined assault from Wal-Mart, Price Chopper, and Kellogg's lawyers. Re-Code set out to realize a little known portion of US law: that when you buy something, the price is negotiable. Attacking chain stores for their consistent practice of overpricing, Re-Code assembled a database of alternative barcodes that could be pasted over supermarket originals. Re-Code claimed it was all for satirical intent—after all, it's the equivalent to publishing instructions and not actually performing any illegal act—but the Lawyers didn't think so. Cease and Desist! Kudos are due to Nathan Hacktivist and Re-Code.com. Oh—and know your propaganda: <www.disinfo.org>. Disinfo.org is a "collaborative project to produce a directory of public relations firms, think tanks, industry-funded organizations and industry-friendly experts that work to influence public opinion and public policy on behalf of corporations, governments and special interests." In the world of Total Information Awareness, we need total information on those who control and produce it. The site includes close to 700 articles, and a dedicated section on Gulf War II entitled "Weapons of Mass Deception."

Total Information Awareness—and We Know Nothing...•

Lynch(-)Bush

If Bush's face 'is, as Brian

a northern chorus

voice: strikingly beautiful, intricate & charming
- Exclaim!



spirit flags

Available MAY 6th



Simply Saucer Cyborgs Revisited

Available MAY 20th

Digitally remastered reissue of these classic 70's psych/punk recordings with bonus tracks. Cyborgs brims with thuddy UK solo-dal rhythms, twisted guitar strong jazz, and heaving vocals in arrangements full of the energy of the Velvet, the Frogs, Son Ra, and the Stooges. What more could you ask for? - Bryan Cole, Spin

Toshack Highway vs. Sianspheric



TOUR DATES

Sianspheric & Adam Franklin from Sweated Live
May 20 Edmonton AB @ New City United Lounge
May 22 Victoria BC @ Lucky Bar
May 23 Nanaimo BC @ Dirty's
May 24 Vancouver BC @ Music West
May 25 Kamloops BC @ Midgum
May 26 Banff AB @ Wild B's
May 27 Calgary AB @ The Whiskey
May 28 Red Deer AB @ The Vol
May 29 Saskatoon SK @ Rango's
May 30 Regina SK @ The Stone
May 31 Winnipeg MB @ West End Cultural Centre

magnetic morning / evening age

Available MAY 20th

SONIC UNION

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fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

vancouver special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

I don't think I'm violent. I've never hit anyone before. I don't know what happened.

I was at this party a couple of weeks ago, at a certain someone's hotel penthouse. There were 50 people there, maybe more. I was talking to some pals, drinking way too much unsweetened grapefruit juice, and I noticed this guy staring at me from across the room. This happens all the time, so I didn't think much of it. He was pretty ugly, and he kind of looked like a girl. Anyway, he kept getting up, walking into me on purpose, and apologizing. After the third time, I said something because I was getting sick of it. I said, "Hi. What are you doing?"

"Sorry, I'm really clumsy," he said. It looked like he was going to cry, so I introduced myself.

"What's your name?" I asked. He looked at me as if I should've known who he was. "Boner."

It was a loud party, so I was sure I'd heard him wrong. "What?"

"My name's BONER," he said. "BONER O'BURST."

I thought it was the greatest name I'd ever heard. Too bad it belonged to such a pussy. He started to braid his eyelashes, as his eyes started to water. "What's the matter?" I said.

"Oh, nothing. I just played

I told Boner that I had to go take a whiz, but he wouldn't get out of the way. He tried to sing some whispery garbage into my ear. Something about violins and crying. It was seriously the worst thing I had ever heard. It was so bad that I punched him in the face.

a show, and I didn't think it was very good." I asked him what his band was called, and he got really huffy about it. "We're called Bright Ass. Haven't you heard of us?" I couldn't hear him very well, so I asked him to speak up. "BRIGHT ASS," he said. I was so confused. How could this ponce be in a band with such a great name?

After that, I didn't feel

like babysitting any more, so I told Boner that I had to go take a whiz, but he wouldn't get out of the way. He tried to sing some whispery garbage into my ear. Something about violins and crying. It was seriously the worst thing I had ever heard. It was so bad that I

punched him in the face.

I kind of felt bad about it after. I probably broke his nose, but I figure I did him a favour. He won't get beat up as often now that he has a crooked nose. Maybe he'll be less of a cocky asshole, too. I've asked a few people, and no one's ever heard of Bright Ass or Boner O'Burst. It must be because he sucks shit. •

JOEL Return of the Fucked (Flyer Records)

"Joel..." I thought to myself as I approached the stereo—a little warily—with this CD. "He's pretty bleak, isn't he?" As it happens, the artist was expecting just such a reaction. "Bleak? I'll give you bleak," he sings on the second track. And over the course of fifteen songs he does just that, with specific mentions of death (pretty often), as well as rising from the dead, zombies, cities and people sinking into the sea, ghosts, rust, rot, bombs, war, disease, cemeteries, coffins, graves, and—gasps!—unions. No, art is not life, but anyone who's taken Psychology 100 might be a little worried about Joel's well-being after listening to *Return of the Fucked*. (Apparently, being prepared for this reaction too, Joel protests in his liner notes that his songs are also about optimism and valour, and that "zombies are fucking cool.") Parts of the CD rock, and parts are beautiful, but it is all in a threatening, simmering, volcanic kind of way that isn't likely to keep you in a sunny mood. <liquidcreature.com>

THE WET SPOTS Ribbed for Pleasure (Wet Spots Music)

Spring is in the air, the birds and the bees are out and about, and here is *The Wet Spots*' debut, carefully positioned to capture horny listeners who aren't already looking at web porn, watching Sue Johanson's sex show on TV, or otherwise successfully amusing themselves. What the soon-to-be-married Cass King and John Woods do is intentionally anachronistic naughty cabaret, with songs that sound like something you might almost hear on an afternoon CBC radio show at a particularly campy moment. The production and performances are excellent; Cass has the right type of warm and somewhat thin voice and there's even ukelele where it's appropriate. One imagines that the visuals must be quite entertaining and that the principals mug shamelessly for their live audiences as they sing lines like, "Do you take it in the ass?" or "Never put a vacuum in your bum." This would be just the sort of live theatre for a risqué first date, but are you handy enough to listen to it at home?

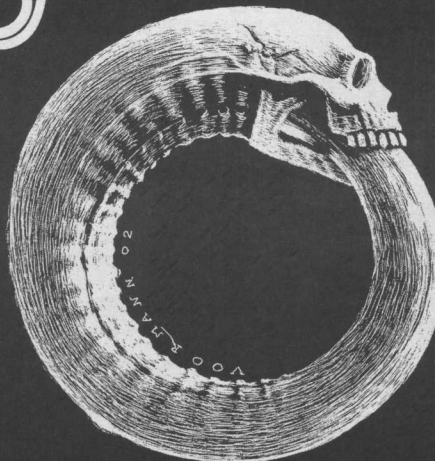
BARON SAMEDI ESQ s/t (Libertine Rex)

What a relief to discover that the ESQ stands for Ecstatic Soul Quintet, and isn't that meaningless abbreviation some silly lawyers put behind their names. Because, as far as I can tell, these are not lawyers, but urban instrumentalists whose goal is to find a danceable groove and stretch it out for longer than most of us would think possible. The CD was recorded live, and the arrangement is distinctive—organ, baritone sax, bongos, etc.—with different tracks putting different types of spins on things. The first track, "The Samedi Strut" is rollicking to the point of being frantic; the last, "The Libertine Blues," is almost opium-drenched and noir in comparison. Exactly half-way through, the brief "Mullet Dude Interlude" is exactly that, an amusing little break. Whether this is your kind of thing or not may depend on just how much you like to dance (or, I can't help thinking, to get stoned and dance) and whether or not you can appreciate a lot of free-form bantone saxophone. <www.bsqs.com>

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over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

THE MONTH IN TWO PARTS

The crullest month is over. It's now time for short skirts, knee socks, three shows in one weekend, and so many spring titles that a girl with a full time job gets dizzy just thinking about it. This is the time of year when you can go to Zulu Records and watch Sheila Heti read from *The Middle Stories*, then skip over to the Aquatic Centre and catch The Beans in Liquid Suspension.

But the sunshine and fun activities are a momentary reprieve from the bullshit that's been going on in the world. As we emerge from hibernation, many Iraqis are trying to make sense of the violence that has gone on in their own country. Many North Americans will be trying to do

house. Maybe I'll even read a book or go to the beach and make faces at the buff people playing volleyball. Yeah, I just love the Canucks and I know so much about hockey. Ask me how to call an offside some time and I'll surprise you with the depth of my knowledge.

Speaking of offside, the past month has made me realize that being offensively ironic in front of strangers is a bad thing. Example one: do not make jokes about bulimia in front of girls you've just met. Example two: do not try to entertain six strangers at a party with a long story about how the Las Vegas was invented. To momentarily throw Chinese people off the scent of the real prize, the DVD player. Being offside for

quote of author here? Can I quote you on that? On the back cover of *The Romantic*, a picture is supposed to be enough to tell us on the book. The name "Barbara Gowdy" and her image are supposed to stand alone as recommendations. Though Gowdy is a literary star, I think that this sort of treatment sells her work short. It is as though her work itself is not enough enticement. Why do we need to know on such a great scale that she's a woman worth looking at?

Onto the book itself. *The Romantic* begins with young Louise Kirk telling us about the death of her first love, Abel Richter. In the same chapter, we are told that her mother, a Grace Kelly look-alike, has left Louise and her father with no explanation more than "Louise knows how to work the washing machine." (A skill that Louise doesn't have.)

So we enter into Louise's search for perfect, unconditional love. First, in order to fill the void her mother left, she develops a crush on Abel's mother and hopes that Mrs. Richter will adopt her. Then she begins a life-long (she's only in her mid-twenties by the end of the novel) obsession with Abel, who morphs from a quiet little boy into an alcoholic musician. (A character, dear DISORDER readers, that you probably know too well and love with the same kind of self-destructive passion.)

Gowdy skillfully jumps back and forth in time and her clear, direct prose prevents us from becoming caught up in trying to map out the chronology of Louise's life. One moment Louise is a young girl, the next she's reading encyclopedias in a law office to simulate the appearance of being busy. But her one desire is to be with Abel. This kind of single-minded determination fascinates me, and it makes the book a compelling read. Obsession—though not romantic—is always entertaining. When obsession involves love it's a spectator sport that rivals playful hockey.

The moral of the story: don't let the use of a glamorous photograph fool you into thinking that *The Romantic* is a trashy read. Don't judge a book—or author—by a dust jacket cover. And, finally, I must add that the use of "The Romantic" as a title is ironic. But not offside.

kicks is a dangerous sport. Contrary to what your mother might have said, it's a game best played indoors, in the safety of one's own home. I've discovered that the reason behind this is that not everyone indulges in irony, or even understands it. Folks, sarcasm is not irony. I am not a sarcastic girl. Ironic, yes, sarcastic: no. Sarcasm is like, so grade seven. And irony, as everyone keeps reminding me, is dead. (Dude, is this something like what Nietzsche said?)

BARBARA GOWDY The Romantic (HarperFlamingoCanada)

Louise Kirk, the protagonist of Barbara Gowdy's fifth book, mentions irony several times in *The Romantic*. I wonder what she might have said about the giant picture of Gowdy that graces the entire back cover of the book. We see Gowdy with her Mona Lisa smile and perfect hair that must be blond (though the picture is black-and-white). Yes, Gowdy is a vision, a woman who will be forever cute, who will command the word "afire" into her eighties and nineties. But what about her writing?

The back cover is usually reserved for high praise from esteemed authors, secured by a diligent publicist. I imagine intrepid young men and women hunting down Salman Rushdie, saying, "Excuse me, sir, do you love (insert

The past month has made me realize that being offensively ironic in front of strangers is a bad thing. Example one: do not make jokes about bulimia in front of girls you've just met.

the same, but it's easy to talk about the human cost of war in abstract terms.

For me, it wasn't until a few days ago that the human cost of war became a concrete fact, a specific detail in the line of an epic poem. A bit of context: I'm working in an admissions office for a university dentistry program. So I was answering phones when a woman called and said, "My sister is in Iraq. She was three months from graduating when the bombs fell. Can she finish her degree at your university?" I tried my best to be helpful, as the university doesn't allow for transfer credits for its undergraduate dentistry program. We figured out that her sister could probably apply to the graduate program in order to secure a student visa.

When I hung up, I had visions of a woman in a university dental clinic, drill in hand, and the loud sound of a building nearby exploding. Three and a half years, the work of a life, all put on indefinite hold. And yet she is alive. How will any of us here, on earth make sense of the tragedies that we've created?

As the rest of the city congregates on Robson Street and Fourth Avenue, cheering when the Canucks win some important game, I'll be busy trying to return movies to Videomatica or hanging out at the E-Z Mart near my parents'

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Tour Diaries

SKINJOBS TOUR DIARY
Live and Recruiting
March/April 2003
By Lee Hendon

DAY 1
Flight to Toronto was unbearable—a red eye that turned me cross-eyed from no sleep. After renting a van and gear, we find ourselves doing an interview for The NewMusic walking down Church St. It's all a blur. Walking into Lee's Palace that night made me excited because of the HUGE line-up out front. Vazeleen is THE place to be in Toronto. Hundreds of freaks, queers, perverts, boys, girls and transys filled the room. A hanky code

DAY 3
Back in Toronto by 5pm, just in time to set up and play the Fruit Market queer arts festival. We were so tired. We played as Skinjobs-Light (no make-up, no dancers). We played all the slow songs first (the sun beaming in, like a sign from god). The banter was extra long and nonsensical. Me want bed. No time. Mimi's bass is sick (must fix), and we must talk to strangers about rainbows and music on a little tape recording machine.

DAY 4
Woke up extremely tired, but

to be beside Kurt Cobain's drug dealer. I'm so glad to be in a rental van. Last time I went on tour, we had a shitty van that broke down a lot. Chad Kroeger from Nickelback actually changed our tire once. I wonder if he remembers that?

DAY 6
Got up to a breakfast and a short jaunt to the gay bookstore where I quickly befriended the store cat, until it took a chunk outta my hand. Bitch! Drove to Portland through rain and sleet. Hall arrived when we did. Had enough time to kill in the best independent book-



Kim ponders the hard questions, like: "Boxers or briefs?"

contest was being held (it was hard to go on after the winner—you can't follow anyone who wins for her fetish for puke). Holding a ziplock bag full of what resembled vomit, she collected her \$100. "And now—The Skinjobs!" At the end of our set, the stage was packed with our guest Go-Go Dancers; Ponyboy's underwear will live long in Mitch's memory.

DAY 2
Morning is too early! Drove to Ottawa to play a Triangle Trash party with **Sophomore Level Psychology** and meet our guest Go-Go Dancers—Philodoxa and Jake. Met an FTM youth questioning his transition and asking advice about starting a support group. An amazing conversation ensued that made me think that it isn't all about rock n' roll. Cool.

we must not stop! Stayed at my friend's new house. Greg and Mike happen to be the sweetest gay boy couple EVER! After shopping for photo shoot props, we strip down naked and test hair removal strips in a bubbling Jacuzzi for Fab magazine. Barely a moment to dry off, we return the music gear and get lost on the way to the airport. With seconds to spare, we board the plane. There's no place like home.

DAY 5
A short time at home before heading down to Seattle. Short set, big sound, small crowd and broken drum kit. Shared the bill with **Madame Morle, Alan Wiley, Touchdown and Every So Enthusiastic**. Seattle Go-Go Dancers—Crzz, Kink and Kandy with a 'Z', crashed at Kink's pad, which happens

store, Powell's Books. After finding out that the owners of a burrito place had recently perished in an accident, closing the restaurant, we downed some food somewhere else and headed to the punk rock house. Shared the bill with **Rocki la Rock, Pom Pom Meltdown and Who's the President**. Played as Skinjobs-Light. No time to sleep—out on the road after the show to gain some time.

DAY 7
Yeah! San Francisco! I just realized that I have never seen a real palm tree. I am reminded of Gilligan's Island. Played the Eagle Tavern with **Pansy Division, and Raunchy Reckless And The Amazons** what a great show. A taste of home arrived in the form of Darlene The Ambassador's Wife and band-girlfriend Amy. Yum. Got to stay at a new



Rule #1: "Never drop the soap in the Skinjobs' bathtub."

friend's house, which involved having a hot tub in the morning and a wicked breakfast made by our hosts Sailor and Jesse. Are all queer punks this nice? Fuck, I hope so.

DAY 8

Arrived in LA to meet Ryan and Bill from Spitshine Records. It's true: all queer punks are nice. They joined Darlene The Ambassador's Wife as #1977 and #23 to Go-Go Dance for us during Freakshow at the Gauntlet II (Gay Leather/S&M bar). How cute is that? We shared the stage with New Yorker **Cazwelly** and LA local **Dylan Kelly**.

DAY 9

A day to relax, finally. We walked around Venice Beach with our new best friends from Spitshine, and tried on crazy outfits at a thrift store. The show we were supposed to play got cancelled, because of the recent fire code scare due to the tragedy at the **Great White** show. So, we played an eviction party at a loft. Never played a set with people punching through walls and spray painting everywhere. It was intense, very memorable. Got to rock out with our label mates **lambloved** as well as with **Hot & Heavy** and **The Sharp Ease**.

DAY 10

Driving on the I-5 to San Fran... Oh my god, I'm so sad. We just drove by a slaughterhouse. The stench had been creeping up, and the conversation in the van came to a halt. Hundreds of cows standing upon mounds of shit awaiting their death. What a cryptic sight. I'm craving a salad right now. Last show in San Francisco was a dirty underwear party at a queer punk house with **Panty Raid**

and **Veronica Lipgloss** and **The Evil Eyes**. Set up in the kitchen with dirty underwear hanging over us. I had to alter my drumming style just so I wouldn't hit the dangling crotches over my head. Day shows are always so weird—and so another show as **Skinjobs-Light**, but it gave us time to get dinner and say our final good-byes to our fabulous Go-Go Dancer **Darlene The Ambassador's Wife**. Being together 24-7 can really change relationships for the good. I love it.

DAY 11

Portland. Another queer youth centre show with **Call The Police**, **Hingham & Hull**, and spoken word by **Contagious**.

fun but exhausting. Thanks to our guest **Go-Go Dancer—Tina!** The calluses are pretty big on my hands now. Kim and Mimi are sick and we are all really tired. Only one show to go. Stayed at Zana's house and had the best thrift experience of my life! **The Bins** rocks. Only \$1.29/lb for clothes. I'm movin' to Portland.

DAY 12

I'm just so tired and home seems so close. I can smell my bed from here. Last show in Olympia with **Madame Morté** and **Rad Community**, and then on the road towards the border. Good news: I still love everyone in this van; bad news: I can't feel my hands. •



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riff raff

by Bryce Dunn

Let's not waste any time, readers, as we dive right in and get to the nitty gritty of the itty bitty vinyl wonders we call seven-inch records. First up, a pair from the thunder from Down Under—**The D4**. In town recently to rock the socks off appreciative fans, their mercurial was rife with offerings and I picked two platters that demonstrated their garage-rockin' prowess—"Party" b/w "Girl" being the first. The A-side of this single is exactly that—a weekend anthem that blasts off like a rocket to Russia and detonates big time, with the flip being a slow yet gritty ode to a mystery female. Not to be outdone, their other single "Get Loose" b/w "John Rock" unleashes still another fast-pumping monster, coupled with the souped-up twelve bar blues of **The Dogs'** classic tune. Their full-length has the upside cuts, but, for the completists among you, the bottom sides are a must. (Infectious Records, www.infectiousuk.com).

Another band that breezed through town last month were Swedish sirens **Sahara Hotnights**. Helping to relive the bubblegum punk experience is a sweet treat from a 'zine called *Spot Smiling*. How can I though, when visions of drummer Josephine dance through my head and the tunes "No Big Deal" b/w "Now Tonight" ring in my ears? "No Big Deal" is off the debut record, but "Now Tonight" is an unreleased, mid-tempo gem reminiscent of the best moments of **Blondie**. (Jetset Records, www.jetsetrecords.com).

Anyone out there familiar with **Hasil Adkins**? **Dexter Romweber**? **Bob Log III**? Well, now you can add **BBQ** to the one-man band list. We'll try to keep his identity a secret, but we will tell you he's a member of Montreal's premier party hounds, **Les Sexaremons**, and he handles guitar, drums and singin' duties all by his lonesome. What a racket this cat makes! "3 Days" and "I'm The One" are two fine floorboard shakin', J.D.-sluggin', back porch hootenannies that'll make ya swing and sing, brothas and sistas! (Goodbye Boozey Records, Villa Pompetti 147, 64020 S. Nicolo A Tordinone, Teramo, Italy).

Anyone out there familiar with the term "sophomore jinx"? Well, it sure ain't happening to **Maximum Rock**

And **Roll**, who, with their second DIY effort hitting the turntable this month, take a page from the **Supersuckers** songbook for "D.F.F.," a song talking about three things any self-respecting rock fan should indulge in. If you wanna know what I'm preachin',



listen to the song, lunkehead! "Lucky Charm" is the other tune, and sports the cryptic line: "So you dance and you prance / But you can't remove those unsightly air pockets." Thinkin' man's rock, eh? The mix is loud and proud, thanks to the steady production hand of **Bionic's** Ian Blurton, and yours truly is waiting patiently for the third and final (?) installment of the **Maximum R/N'R** trilogy to unfold. (www.maximumrnr.com).

And the award for Most Consistently Amazing Label Right Now goes to—**The Red Records** (1118 W. Magnolia Blvd. P.O. Box 208 Burbank, CA, USA 91506). Bands such as **The Deadly Snakes**, **Dirthombs** and **Cheater Slicks** (just to name a few) have all found a home with ITR and put out incredible left-of-centre records, so we can proudly add **The**

Modey Lemon and **The Clone Defects** to the list. The Modey Lemon are a guitar/drums duo outta Pittsburgh, PA, and they provide a double dose of noise that sounds like the **Immortal Lee County Killers** on a bad acid trip. With the addition of a Moog synth on tracks like "Six Minutes Of Blackness," there's a little more depth to the stripped down sounds that other combos tend to tread and me likes. Detroit's **Clone Defects** take the traditional punk formula and put it through the proverbial ringer on "Shapes Of Venus," which sounds like they strangled **The Strangers**, while "Stuck My Knife" is nasty, brutish, and short and only contains the lines: "I'm gonna stab my knife in you / and I'm gonna watch you die." Not for the faint of heart, I tell you.

Lastly, San Francisco takes aim and fires **The Deadly Weapons'** four-song salvo of pissed-off punk. Fronted by a pissed-off Tina Lucchesi (ex-**Trashwomen**, **Bobbyvents**, **Tina And The Total Babes**)—a woman who has covered a lot of musical ground in her years, and has yet to disappoint—this vinyl missile was released DIY-style on her own label. Good for her! I got a kick out of looking at the inner sleeve of gig flyers, and seeing one where they opened for **The Briefs** as early as this past February! File next to all yer Rip Off Records stash... (Lipstick Records 1154 Powell St. Oakland, CA USA 94608). As always, I thank you for reading this far... now go kick out the jams!



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CHICK SNIPPER
SLAB

Friday, 14 March
Vancouver East Cultural
Centre

As a meditation on the human body, *slab* is both harsh and exquisite. Choreographer **Chick Snipper** was moved to create the piece by images of the body in various stages of deconstruction: the classical anatomical drawings of Vesalius and Albinus, the wax figures in Florence's Museo la Specola, and the plastinated corpses of the Body World exhibit which has been touring Europe and Asia. Through her dancers, Snipper animates these subjects—not in a *dansé macabre*, but through a scenario which played out like the final chapter in the relationship between spirit and flesh.

The setting was a dissection laboratory where two fresh cadavers (Anne Cooper and Susan Elliot) awaited the ministrations of a scientist (Kathleen McDonagh). Their souls, however, seemed unwilling to relinquish their bodies. Whenever McDonagh exited or turned her back, the corpses moved—anxiously, laboriously and luxuriously—as if spirit were savouring flesh in one last waltz. At times, they also appeared to be practicing for what was to come: in one of her solos, Elliot contracted her torso as if vomiting up her guts. In another, she seemed to be pulling open her ribcage to display her entrails.

For her part, the scientist showed an equal reluctance to get to work—handling the corpses tenderly, loath to violate them with science's knife. Unlike her naked subjects, she only had brief, tentative bouts with nudity, during which she may have been re-evaluating her analytical approach to the body's wondrous complexity.

In terms of music and production design, *slab* could almost have coasted through on atmosphere alone. Andreas Kahre's simple set had the rich ambience of a Victorian medical school. Empty jars sat in red and blue-lit alcoves (one imagined the organs they held contain) and live musicians were backlit behind a huge scrim, mingling strangely

with the anatomical stills that were intermittently projected on it. James Proudfoot's lighting suggested the spooky decorum of a museum after-hours as composer John Korsrud's doleful, string-heavy arrangements pushed through the thick, cool air.

The final capitulation came when the cadavers lay side by side on the table and exhaled their souls in one deep, long breath. But instead of being left in gentle contemplation, I was deeply rattled because, at that moment, a gang of power-hungry maniacs was preparing to launch an operation which will litter a nation with corpses... disemboweled, skinned, truncated. Ridiculously vulnerable, the body is war's most horribly messy casualty. The notion sits quietly in my stomach like an undigested wodge of muck.

It would be unfair and self-indulgent of me to load Snipper's work with such intentions, but when Art speaks in a time of crisis, it often does so more potently if it hasn't been tailor-made for the occasion. *slab* felt way more timely than any of us would have wanted.

SEVENTEENTH FLOOR
PERFORMANCE COMPANY
SHHH...

Thursday, 27 March
Studio 16

Like a lot of new companies, **seventeenth floor** still wears its aesthetic on its sleeve. But it's one that I find appealing, so I spent a charming hour savouring the troupe's barrage of visual and verbal imagery.

Shhh... was driven by a simple, strong story: twelve-year-old Penelope hasn't spoken since she witnessed her older sister Greta fall through the ice and drown at the same age six years previously. We, however, only see the mute child's three dolls as they re-enact the trauma. In a particularly rich bit of writing, one of them laments, "I collect anguish in my mouth and it rots my teeth because it won't come out."

Although the dolls could be regarded as stand-ins in a psychological landscape, it was much more satisfying to experience them as beings in

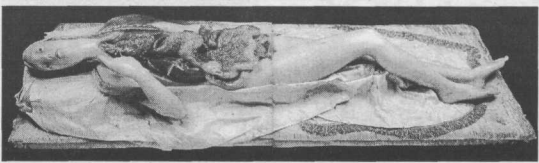
their own right who had been waiting for a chance to replay what they'd seen—kind of like Genet's maids, only less bitchy and self-serving. These dolls seemed genuinely anxious to break up their mistress's emotional log-jam and get her started on puberty. With two of them in white corsets and bloomers and one in a virtuously buttoned-up wedding dress, the atmosphere was both repressed and sexually charged.

Performers and co-creators Andrea Donaldson, Heather Lindsay and Laura Quigley had a nice physical handle on dollness as they moved about like Pierrettes and Raggedy Anns. The set was nearly non-existent and props minimal, but with the help of Technical Director and Lighting Designer John Popkin, they were used in lovely ways. A big suitcase full of pink light was opened like a storybook, teacups had tiny lightbulbs in them, and a swag lamp was swung like a censer over Greta's inert body. The dolls then used its bowl-like shade to try and defibrillate her.

The talking part was somewhat problematic, though. Like children who regurgitate the adult world in their games, the dolls often spoke in oddly-titled chunks of Dada: "the dishes are smiling," or, my favourite, "put on a sundress, have a lemonade and watch your breasts grow." Language like this needs careful handling and only Donaldson, as the doll who played Penelope, preserved its fragile strangeness with her unconscious delivery. But this was nothing Director Paolo Ribiero couldn't have fixed if he'd had a mind to.

My nagging problem was with the conventional theatre setting. It was distinctly unsympathetic to the company's impressionistic way with narrative and I longed to air-lift play and audience to some shit-hot performance site—a room in an old house, say, or the waterfront at night.

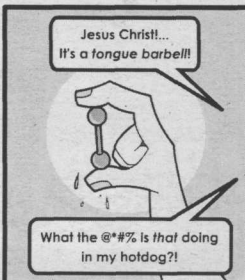
The final verdict? I liked where this crew was going and look forward to its next production—wherever it's performed.



SCREW YOU and your pointy shoes.



by Klong.



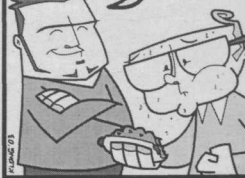
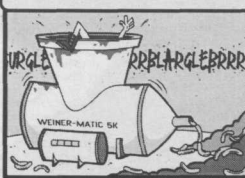
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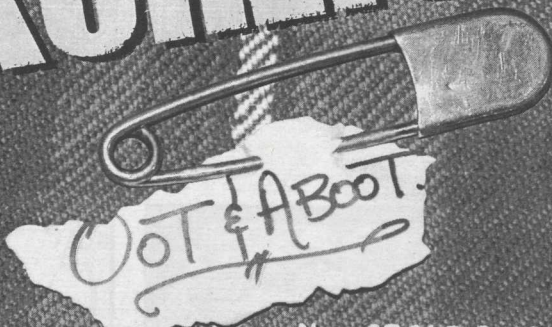


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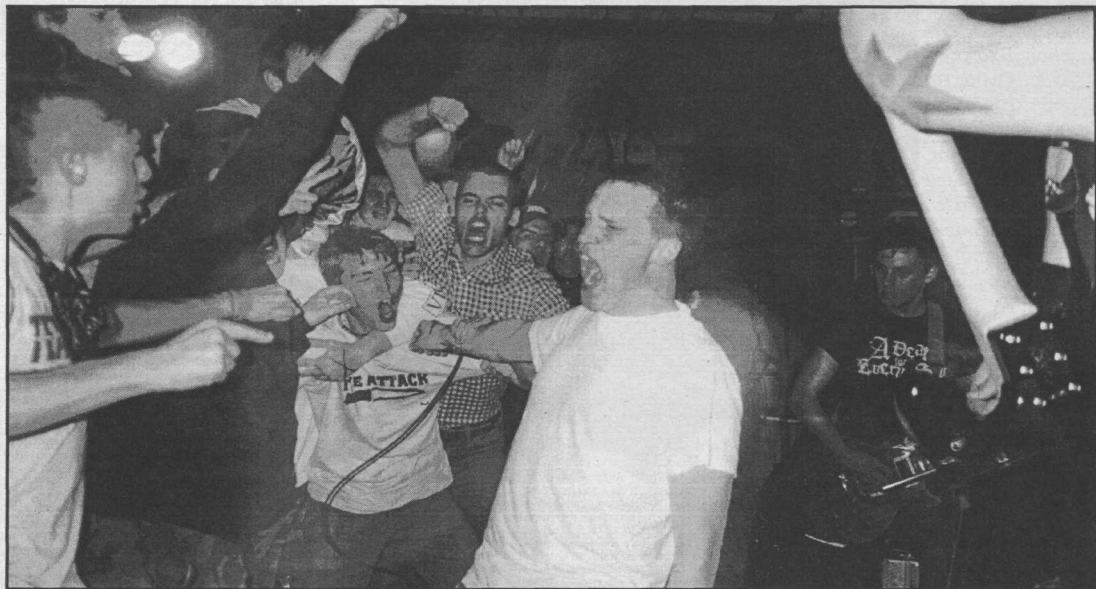
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“

STILL HARDCORE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

SEAN O'LEARY'S STATE OF THE UNION UPDATE ON THE NORTHWEST HARDCORE SCENE

”



BLUE MONDAY: "I shed that sweet goatee and I can honestly say that I am the hardest moshers in Western Canada." (Photo by Andrew Dennison)

Twelve years after I returned to Vancouver, I'm still enamoured of the hardcore scene. I've watched it shoot up and drop back down, but right now it's in a really great "up" phase. There are a number of good bands right now, and some really active people running great record labels and websites, putting out zines, and promoting shows. With any luck, this overview will stand as a halfway comprehensive compendium of what's going on in the Northwest, and feature interviews with some of the major players in the scene.

You will notice that the same challenge is posed to most of the people interviewed: to counter the statement that hardcore is exclusionary, jock-music; that it's a little boy's club; that it's sophomoric and played out. This was done because statements like this are uttered all the time, and nothing could be further from the truth. Vancouver and Seattle have for years been the most open and welcoming places to be a part of the HC scene, and while there are negative elements to it, it is important to try to combat this lapse in communication.

There is no way that everything going on could have been acknowledged or included, but if you have a different take on things, feel free to rebut or submit something to DISORDER (discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca). If you have any feedback, go ahead and email the author at: seanolearyhatescops@rednecks.com.

WE ARE THE CHAMPION: Seattle's Champion Damn the Critics Seattle's Champion are currently the darlings of the NW scene, and have plied their brand of melodic-yet-heavy straightedge hardcore all over the continent. Their mini-album Count Our Numbers is a testament to the building of a healthy, vibrant hardcore scene, and anyone who has watched them grow as a band has watched the Seattle (and Vancouver) scene grow along with them. Guitarist Aram Arslanian chatted with us in March and April of 2003.

DISORDER: Hardcore is in a bit of a renaissance, right now. By that, I mean that lately there has been a push towards more traditional forms of HC, but with lots of bands reaching back to those traditional forms and making something fresh and new with them. Where do you guys see yourself as fitting in this?

Aram: Well, anyone who listens to Champion and is at all familiar

with the late '80s early '90s hardcore scene would definitely be able to pick out a definite Chain of Strength and Turning Point influence in our song-writing. COS is my favorite band across all genres of music, so I know that I bring an extremely heavy influence from them into almost every musical situation, but I definitely feel that we bring our own ideas to the table in terms of songwriting on a musical and lyrical level. Basically, we try to build on the foundations that bands like COS and TP have laid, while also introducing completely new ideas and sounds. With hardcore—especially old school hardcore—it's really important to look at the past, but also to try to move toward something new, and that's what we're striving for in Champion.

You've been on Bridge Nine Records for some time now. Bridge Nine has quickly replaced Revelation, Victory, and Trustkill as

the most prestigious hardcore label in the world. Do you want to comment on the rise of Bridge Nine? What's it like being on B9?

In regard to working with any label, it's important to realize just how much the "business" end of hardcore has radically changed over the past few years. Things like promotion, marketing, and sales tracking are now just an unavoidable part of being on any successful label, so, when we sat down to discuss who we wanted to work with, the most important questions we considered were, "After the business side—behind all the bells and whistles—is this a true hardcore label? Does the person who runs it believe in and support hardcore?" We had started looking into a few options and talking to people when Chris Wrenn, owner of Bridge 9, contacted us out of the blue. We were already big fans of the bands on the label and really impressed by the way he ran the B9; after a few conversations with Chris, we were convinced that this was the

label for Champion. What Wrenn cares about is building the best HC label he can and supporting his bands to the fullest. He puts out bands that he loves and believes in, most of which are HC—although the label is not limited to that—and makes sure that their records are everywhere. There's no other label that we see eye to eye with and trust as much as Bridge 9, so we couldn't be happier with the situation we're currently in. So far we've released the *Count Our Numbers* CDEP/7" on B9 and Wrenn is releasing our first CDEP/7", *Come Out Swinging* (in April); after that, we'll be recording our full-length that will be out on B9 in the fall. Seriously, so far being on Bridge 9 has been nothing but amazing, and I can only imagine it's going to get better.

Aram, you're from Calgary, you've lived in Vancouver for the past five years or so, and you've spent more time in Seattle

"What I believe in isn't up for debate. I've seen and done enough to know exactly what HC and sXe mean to me, and no one can tarnish that, so there's no need to defend it."

—Aram Arslanian, Champion



(Photo by Mike Witherspoon)

since you've joined the Champ than most people who live there. Vancouver and Seattle have vastly different HC scenes. What do you think are the major differences?

Well, the most notable difference is the American bands that hit Seattle obviously don't want to deal with the hassles involved with trying to get into another country illegally, so they just pass Vancouver up. That's absolutely the biggest reason for the difference in the size of scenes between the two cities. Seattle not only gets far more touring bands rolling through town, but it also gets more of the "bigger name" bands, which means larger draws to the shows, which then leads to more and more kids realizing that there's actually a local scene of bands that they can get involved with. But I don't think that has to mean a slow death for Vancouver and Victoria at all. What we need to do is rethink our situation—bands can get into Canada legally and with very little hassle if the proper paperwork is filed and the border fee is paid; promoters need to organize a circuit of three cities that bands can play (i.e., Vancouver, Victoria, and Kamloops), do the paperwork for the bands, and then split the cost of the border fee between the three shows. If promoters will take the chance, and kids will pay slightly higher door prices, then we can make Western Canada a regular stop for touring bands and that'll be a big step in turning every corner around.

Furthermore, most healthy scenes basically revolve around a few great bands that go all out and really try to commit themselves to their music. These bands eventually get bigger on a national level, which brings attention to their city, draws people out to local shows, and inspires kids to get involved—and that leads to the formation of bands, zines, distros, and labels. Vancouver had a great scene when Strain and Sparkmarker were active because there were two amazing bands that were not only blowing the roof off every show in the city, touring like crazy, and putting out quality records, but were motivating people by making them realize that they could make it happen for themselves. I think that, until recent times, Vancouver's been lacking those types of "flagship" bands which scenes are built around, but Blue Monday, Burden, End This Week With Knives, and Deadsure are absolutely starting to change that. These bands have all recorded great records, played countless shows, and are really dedicating themselves to giving it their all. I firmly believe that they're going

to be the center of the rebirth of an amazing Vancouver HC scene in the next year.

"Straightedge Hardcore is exclusionary, white-bread, violent jock music." "Hardcore is dead, rehased, homophobic crap. It was good when I was 14, but I grew out of it." How would you counter these statements?

I've heard countless—no, seriously, countless—people say things like that over the years, and it's completely stopped fazing me. Honestly, I almost never answer any type of criticism about hardcore or straightedge for a few simple reasons:

1) I'm not interested in anyone's insights about HC and sXe (straightedge), unless they're actively involved in what's going on in the scene today. The type of criticism you've mentioned almost always comes from people who are completely outside of the

scene, and I'm not going to waste my time arguing with someone who not only has no current experience with HC, but who also has nothing invested in the things I believe in.

2) The hardcore scene doesn't need the approval of any kind of "underground consortium" in order to exist, so why would anyone involved in HC feel that they should have to answer critics? I'm not making excuses for HC, or asking for anyone's permission to be involved, so there's no reason to argue with anyone about it, especially anyone who's already so dismissive of something so important to me.

3) Finally, what I believe in isn't up for debate. I've seen and done enough to know exactly what HC and sXe mean to me, and no one can tarnish that, so there's no need to defend it. End of conversation. Listen, the world is full of critics and I could defend hardcore and straightedge for hours on end, and it wouldn't make a difference, because people don't care about the truth—they only care about proving themselves right. The heart of the matter is that you have to define HC, and sXe for yourself, and in your own way—damn the critics.

<www.xchampion.com> or <www.bridge9.com>

HOW SURF? Vancouver's Newest HC Combo are Deadsure.

Deadsure is both a new and old band featuring the former backbone of Samsarasevin and In The Endtime, Greg Dinardo (guitar), Leo Sepulveda (bass), and Emilio Porco (drums), who has sadly departed for the University of Toronto. With the newish addition of former Sparkmarker vocalist/lyricist Ryan Scott, they are barging into your hearts and minds with a fresh, heavy, and rhythmic sound. Their six-song demo CD (which you can get from the band for a pittance) is being remixed and released by No Idea Records, the original home of Hot Water Music and others.

DISCORD: Ryan, you've been somewhat absent from the "scene" since you left Sparkmarker. Now you're back, and all evidence shows that you are hell-bent on creating something special this time. Do you want to comment on what was up when you were "away"? What happened? You seem like a little kid with a big full of Halloween candy right now.

Ryan: Hmm, I could write a novel on this subject, but if I did there

would be a big chapter on how I can't believe I'm interacting with the world through art and this fucking novel! I guess this is an example of how tension and contradiction can motivate action. In some respects, the reason I'm back creating art for public consumption is because it's the last motherfucking thing I feel like doing! And therefore (if you're still following me), it's what I need to be doing in order to survive (i.e., not killing myself) and grow as a human. If you see me rolling on the ground and generally acting like a jackass on stage, it might be hard to believe, but I'm really quite a conservative, non-risk-taking kinda dude. And so if I'm not really pushing through those introverted, non-participatory boundaries by taking part in fairly overt and urgent art-making, then I'm virtually comatose and in turn, I'm absolutely not useful to society. So, uh, yeah—why am I back? I guess it's some bizarre attempt to be a vital being, and to be of use to the world around me. Oh, yeah—as to where I was when I wasn't a part of the "scene," I guess I was just building weapons.

Greg, Emilio and Leo have been playing together for a long time in Samsarasevin, Texasisthequickermarker, In The Endtime, and Deadsure. One would think that your sound might be rather tired, but I hear a freshness and enthusiasm in the music that you get only from young bands—"young" meaning the band just started, not young like DBS.

Ryan: It really seems like all four of us are in the same stage of our creative development. Sure, Leo, et al., were playing music while I was writing hideous things like, "Leo, et al.," in term papers, but all of us were hibernating to one degree or another. Now, we're gleeful and fairly well rested little kids with tons of energy. I'm sure I was an energy boost for them, but Greg, Leo, and Emilio have each individually inspired and rejuvenated me, as well. School is out and we're ready to party!

Leo: Once again, that touches on our being together for a long time and the want to play together knowing that we would find someone who could put the same energy into the songs as the music. With Ryan joining us, he had this huge amount of pent-up energy that is coming out like a bursting dam, and we all feed off of each other's exuberance.

You guys all come from different bands, with varying degrees of success and/or notoriety. Regardless, they all made an indelible mark on Vancouver as a musical city, and were all distinct and special. What factors from your previous bands are you retaining and what are you doing differently? This relates to not only sound, of course, but attitudes, aesthetics, whatever—toss 'em all in.

Ryan: From a music/songwriting/performance perspective, I would say that what I hold on to from the olden days is the emphasis on raw intensity and urgency. You know—plugging in at rehearsal on a stage, and creating art that's assured, but not overly composed. However, a major divergence lies in my philosophy about what a studio is and can be. I spoke of this earlier, as well. During my tenure with Sparkmarker, the prevailing theory seemed to be that if we couldn't do it live, then we shouldn't do it in the studio. This, the studio is simply a place where things are recorded. To me, this idea has always been insane. Thankfully, more people in punk rock have come to view things a little differently. I don't care if you're in a "hardcore" band—the studio is a tool. Whether you're on a stage, at practice, or recording—if you're inspired by the surroundings and the weapons at your disposal, then you go for it. "No, we don't do that live!" or "But that saw away Ryan, we're a hardcore band!" FUCK ALL THAT. I might not be using a space echo for my vocals on stage anytime soon, but on record it increased the intensity and impact. You see? The goals don't even have to change but, because they are two very different mediums, the methods are going to vary. If they don't, the result is a bunch of songs that lose their teeth when you take away the sweat and collective energy of live performance.

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Ryan: Playing Rock For Choice totally ripped it! It was really fun and political, and it reminded me that the two can feed off each other beautifully, since there was an overt political stance involved. I found that the energy and sense of urgency was heightened. It wasn't "just another show" and that's what helped make it fun and very memorable. Dogmatic, always stern, one-dimensional politics, quite frankly, bore me to tears, whether it's in art, conversation, the media, the classroom, or whatever, but so does stance-less, non-committal rock music. What I tend to need is a mix of reflective discourse that's both personal and adventurous. And, o yeah, FUN!

QUIT YOUR CRYING: Blue Monday Mosh Harder Than You

If Eric Flexyourhead's opinion means anything to you, then pay close attention to Blue Monday. He likes them; he likes them a lot, and thinks they've got the chops to be one of the important upcoming bands. Well, Blue Monday are that new, up-and-coming band. With a sound that hearkens back to the more raw punk of SS Decontrol while having their feet firmly planted in modern straightedge hardcore, their new recording promises to be a NWHC classic. Their vocalist—the man they call Danzig Mac (a.k.a. Dave MacDonald)—spoke to DISORDER on a Blue Easter Monday.

DISORDER: What's up with Blue Monday?

DM: We are pretty much just chilling, eating lots of all-you-can-eat-sushi, getting stoked on a short West Coast tour that we are doing at the end of April, and shopping around a new recording that we finished up last month.

What labels are you looking for?

We have been sending off to small and mid-sized hardcore labels in the US. We don't have a specific label in mind; we are looking for someone who has decent distro, and can get our stuff out to kids who have not heard it before. We would be willing to change our sound to something more poppy, though, if Virgin or BMG would give us a cool million or two.

I'm asking this of all my hyper-jockoid, angry, white, male hardcore dudes—here's a couple of statements I want you to counter: "Hardcore, especially SXE, is exclusionary, white-bred, male-dominated, jock music," and "Hardcore is immature, sexist, homophobic and played-out."

Statement A: "Quit your crying." Seriously, this is something that I hear from indie-rock fucks, who are just pissed off because they can't stand up front at hardcore shows and look like a hipster. And please don't judge what you obviously don't understand.

Statement B: There is a spirit to hardcore that can't be surpassed, and even if the bands are sub-par at playing their instrument, most of them are in the music for the music—because they love it. You can't fuck with that. Plus, just because a band isn't Dillinger Escape Plan or Radiohead or something, doesn't mean they aren't good musicians—there is something to be said for simplicity. And every type of music is played out—nothing is new these days. Just because you have some electronic sounds or some shit, it doesn't make you a genius.

I remember when I started seeing you at shows—you came in a little earlier '96-'97 when there was a lot of new blood in

the scene. What brought you to hardcore?

Well, I first went to a hardcore/punk show in the summer of '96 to see my friend's brother's band Reserve 34. Man, did they ever suck then. [laughs] But I loved the energy at that show, plus AF1 headlined, and I was kind of blown away by them. I started to seek out more punk shows, and one day found myself at a Strain reunion at a tiny coffee shop called the Java Joint. That show made me a hardcore kid.

And you have since learned how to mosh properly?

Yeah, I shed that sweet goatee, and I can honestly say that I am the hardest moshers in Western Canada.

Is there a specific reason that hardcore and straightedge appealed to you?

I had a serious drug and drinking problem from the ages of 12-16 and, just before I turned 17, I went through a live-in drug rehab program. I started going to shows just after I got out of the recovery house, and I was immediately drawn to the SXE aspect of it. I had never heard of anything like it before, and it complemented my lifestyle change quite well.

Explain the Vancouver/Seattle Hardcore connection.

Personally, I probably wouldn't have lasted very long in the hardcore scene if it wasn't for Seattle. The local Vancouver scene has always left me desiring something more. I think I would have gotten sick of going to shows where 20 kids showed up and just stood around all bored if I couldn't have gone down to Seattle, where shows were much bigger and all the kids were totally amped on the music. Plus, my first two favorite hardcore bands, Batc and Trial, were from Seattle.

As a band, we have a lot of friends down in Seattle that have helped us and supported us from the get-go. When we first got together, we figured we would play Vancouver infrequently, and focus on playing shows down in Seattle more. This was not because we don't like our hometown, but because we didn't really expect much from Vancouver when we first formed. Like, just over a year and a half ago, a good hardcore band like Strike Anywhere would play here and 20 kids would show up. We have been really surprised by the way Vancouver has been coming around lately, though. Our shows have been growing great, and the reaction and the support of the kids has been growing steadily.

So, what do you think is changing that? Obviously you and Kyle [the guitarist] have a lot to do with that—I have seen you on many occasions with a stack of posters and some wheat paste—but what more can we do?

guys from ETWWK. Contact: www.ethicsindustries.com

Fast Times Photography: Fast Times offers photography for both music and non-music related subjects. Photographs included in the layouts for such bands as Champion, Terror, and Himsa. Contact: www.fasttimesphotography.com

Flexyourhead: The radio show, the website, the lifestyle. See the full interview to read more about Eric and what he does. Contact: www.flexyourhead.net

Go It Alone: Ex-members of Reserve 34, The Attack, September, and Carry On. Demo out already; look forth to start playing shows soon. Plan to be in the studio late summer, with an early summer West Coast tour. Contact: xrxdx@hotmail.com

Rosary: Based out of the Seattle area, but with Lucas (ex-Reserve 34 and Carry On) handling the drums. Demo out now, and new recordings in the works. Summer touring is planned as well. Contact: www.hardcoremusic.com/rosary/

Ripped To Shreds: These honorary Vancouverites (who call Bellingham home) have already completed a West Coast tour, released a tape

Well, actually, I don't feel right taking any credit for it; I think it is more about Stevenson Mike. He is the guy who puts on all the all-ages hardcore shows in Vancouver, and he has been doing it for some time. I watched him put on a couple shows where he lost a lot of money—a few hundred dollars at least—but he just kept on putting on shows.

Kyle and I started posterfing for every show we were on the bill for about a year ago. The first show we did it for was the last Reserve 34 show. We put up 700 posters for that show alone, and the turnout was great—obviously for 1,000 other factors as well, like The Red Light Sting, and because Reserve 34 were the best hardcore band from Vancouver ever, but we figured maybe the flyers had something to do with it. So, we have put up at least 300 flyers every time we are on a bill. I think that what people can do, too, is keep coming out to shows to support local and touring bands, and I especially stress this for people who are in bands. I watched too many bands in the past just support the scene when it had something to do with them, and that just sucks to see.

You guys have plans to tour down the West Coast. Do you plan to go bigger than that? You seem to be in one of those situations where if you don't have something out, you can't tour, but if you do have something out, you must tour to support it. What are your plans?

We started this band with the intention of getting out of Vancouver and touring, yet all we have been able to do is three short West Coast weekend tours. We have one record out now and we are in the process of getting our second one pressed, and our plan is, as it always has been, is to get out and tour and play to as many people as we can. We all have tight schedules that have prevented long trips to date, but we are all going to be freed up in the near future.

Who is the cutest baby in the VCHC?

Eric Adam Mitchell, aka XBaby DiegoX. [Eric is Adam, the BM's bassist's son.—Sean]

END THIS WEEK WITH KNIVES: Catch Them If You Can by Stephen Fallis

End This Week With Knives is a hard band to pin down, and it's not just because they are busy guys. Started just over a year ago, this band has been one of the most active in Vancouver, having completed in excess of fifty shows, with a summer tour in the works. In addition to the constant touring, they have also released a demo, completed a music video, and have begun work on a full-length recording.

LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE MOSHING

A POINT-FORM GUIDE TO THE HC SCENE by Stephen Fallis

Here's a quick look at what's going on in the Vancouver (and area) hardcore scene. I've tried to include every band/magazine/website/whatever that I could, so please don't hit me if I missed your project.

A Bond Still Strong: A new hardcore magazine co-started by Jason from Burden. Coverage of what's going on in hardcore, and concentrating on the NWHC scene. First issue to be out in the early summer. Contact: abss_hczine@yahoo.com

Anchor Records: Rocking both The Edge and The Core simultaneously, this label has so far issued releases by Stay Gold, What Feeds The Fire, and Allegiance. Contact: anchorrecords@hotmail.com or (new website soon) www.anchorrecords.com

Bistro Distro: A little known distro that sells a mix of music and printed material. Many releases from No Idea, G7, and Combat Rock, and a great selection of zines. Contact: www.geocities.com/bistrodistro/

Blue Monday: Just released their first 7" entitled War Wounds, and recently finished recording another 7". Tentative plans are being made for a late June/early July tour. Contact: bluemondaysx@hotmail.com

Blueprints As Weapons: A new band in the ATDI/Newer Fugazi/Dischord records vein. Contact: a1a86699@telus.net

Bombs Away! New hardcore band from the Fraser Valley. They've just recorded a CD entitled To Whom It Won't Concern, but are putting things on hold for the summer. Contact: everseenne@hotmail.com

Breaking Away: New hardcore band with ex-members of The Attack. They bought a van and are looking to play out of town shows. Demo out very soon. Contact: xnrmx@antisocial.com, or by phone at 604-254-1630.

Burden: New CDEP soon, and a second Euro tour. Contact: www.vancouverhardcore.com/burden/

Champion: July tour with The Promise and Death Threat, possible August tour in Europe, new record

out in the fall. Contact: www.xchampionx.com

CITR 101.9 fm: Lots of hardcore and punk shows. Are you listening to it? If not, why not? This is the program guide!

Confusion: Members of The Attack, Fucked Up Kid, and Chuck Norris doing a raw, hardcore/punk band along the lines of Talk is Poison or No Parade. A demo should be out in May or June. Contact: markplam604@hotmail.com

Deadlure: Lots of buzz surrounding the newest No Idea Records band. Contact: yancoth@hotmail.com

Dissent: Just finished a new CD, engineered by Shawn Thingvold (Strapping Young Lamb, Of God), and were recently featured on MuchMusic's Going Coastal. Contact: www.dissent-hq.tk

End This Week With Knives: Doing the screamy/melodic/heavy/rockin' hardcore thing. Contact: www.endthisweekwithknives.com

Ethics: A combo record label/promo and design/booking/management company run by two of the

Other things of note in the Northwest hardcore scene:

1-2-3-4 GO! Records: Out of Seattle, this label has released the Spitting Teeth 7" and co-released the Power of 10 compilation with Excursion records. Contact: www.singlesgoingsteady.com/gorecords/

Excursion Records: Seattle's long-running record label is now more active than ever. Many new releases on the way, including a re-release of the NWHC movie *The Edge of Quarrel* on DVD. Contact: www.excursionrecords.com

Hardcoremusic.com: Reviews, message board, photos, etc. Lots to keep you busy. If you have some time to kill. Contact: www.hardcoremusic.com

NWHardcore.com: THE website to stay up-to-date on all the goings-on in our hardcore scene. Message board, show dates, pictures, etc., etc. Contact: www.nwhardcore.com

Odeum: A design group from Portland, Oregon, specializing in music-related projects. Contact: www.odeum.org

Wordsasweapons.com: Run by Greg Bennick (ex-Trial). A political site with some hardcore-related content; definitely worth checking out. Contact: www.wordsasweapons.com

Still, despite all this activity, the band seems to have generated more interest outside of Vancouver than in their own hometown, evidenced by the fact they have a split release with Morse Code Heartbeat scheduled for Portland's Grey Sky Records. "The US has been great. The shows haven't been huge, but the response we get is totally rad," says Cody Robinson, the band's singer and leader. "Our Western Canada tour was good, we always get good crowds on Vancouver Island."

Perhaps this is a result of the band being hard to fit into any specific musical category, or that they are very different than most bands in Vancouver or the NWHC scene in general. This may be a blessing in disguise, as it gives them a chance to play to and be accepted by many different audiences. Either way, you can form

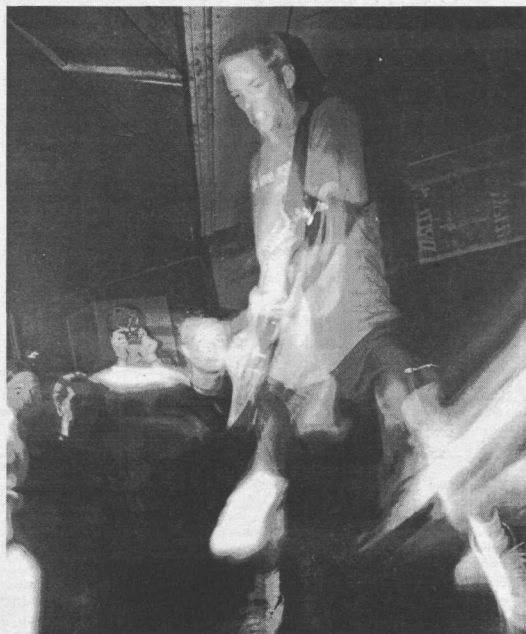
FLEX THIS: Fifteen Years of Eric Flexyourhead

For almost a decade and a half, Eric "Flexyourhead" Thorkelson has been one of the most constant boosters of all-ages Vancouver/NW hardcore. His weekly radio show Flex Your Head (heard Tuesdays at 6pm on CTR 101.9 FM) is a constant source of new music from around the globe, and can be a good way for newer kids to learn their hardcore history. Eric has been around longer than most, and it's a safe bet he'll be around for a lot longer, outlasting those of little faith.

DISORDER: You've been around since the days of tape trading and writing letters to people in the classified section of Maximum Rock and Roll. Do you think that's still a phenomenon,

"The most important thing we share is the same passion. I don't care how old people are—if you are 60 and you have the same passion for punk rock I do, I'd probably hang out with you."
—Eric Flexyourhead

(Photo by some kid from Germany.)



your own opinion, as no doubt there will be a chance for you to catch one of their many live shows in the near future.
<www.endthisweekwithknives.com>

BURDEN: Rebirth by Stephen Fallis

The last year or so has been tough for Burden—and having lost a long time member and songwriter, auditioned many drummers without success, and not released or recorded any material since mid-2001, you can see why. But finally, in 2003, things are looking up.

After about a year of searching, Burden finally has a permanent drummer. "The drummers we tried were punk and metal drummers; they couldn't get the hardcore style down," says Jason Kolins, the band's singer (known to most as Jason Burden). So, after many unsuccessful attempts, they finally found a qualified candidate—he just had to move out from Eastern Canada. Jason Kehoe (ex-Day of Mourning, and Rise Over Run) emailed Burden, saying he was thinking of moving out to BC, if he could be introduced to people within the hardcore scene, and if there were any bands looking for drummers—an opportunity that Kolins leapt at.

Now, with their secure line-up, Burden has big plans for the coming year. They are set to enter the studio in June to record the follow-up to their full-length, *If You Don't Stand For Something, You'll Fall For Anything*. This will also result in a new 7" EP on Germany's Dead Serious Recordings, with six new songs and a possible cover or two. Also in the works is a second European tour this August, as well as probable West and East Coast tours.
<www.vancouverhardcore.com/burden/>

or has the Internet totally taken over that?

Eric FlexYourHead: I don't know if people still trade tapes. I know people still trade records, but it's not the same as it was back then....

What is good about the internet taking over that part of hardcore?

Everything. It is an unparalleled communication device. With the Internet, I can know what went on in Boston two hours after it happened. That didn't happen before.

Now we can hear a new band two days after they've recorded their new demo. One of the good things about punk rock and hardcore is that most people will search things out, and so it's given even more ability to hear new things; it's made it easier for a young band to have people hear them. No one has to send three dollars and postage for a home-recorded demo—you can just grab an MP3 from the website. Also, the zine phenomenon—print is great, but have you ever gotten what you think is a new zine, and the record reviews are a year old?

Any drawbacks to the internet?

I think the one drawback is that there's too much shit-talking on the internet. All of the internet's great scene-building ability can be undermined by people that feel comfortable and confident, while they anonymously sit behind a computer, putting down other people. It's difficult to confront someone face to face, and those people will go to a show together and never talk to each other.

What's your favourite era of Vancouver Hardcore?

I would actually say that now is a good era. The scene is very vibrant currently, and there are a lot of good bands. A lot of kids who have been on the periphery of the scene for the past five years or so have grown to the point where the stuff they are doing

is much higher quality, more mature, and it's at the point where I really want to hear it.

Blue Monday is a prime example of that: kids who have grown a little and are doing a great band....

Well, those are kids who have been going to hardcore shows for the last six years or so—I recognize Kyle from the Strain days in '96, and these kids are totally involved, totally dedicated, and they're putting out quality material. They're doing good stuff, whereas six years ago, you could definitely tell that while there was promise, they just weren't there yet. They're part of this big group of kids who have grown up a bit, and the stuff that they are doing now is crucial.

I would consider the very early days—like '79-'81—to be the obvious cornerstone. The people involved then laid down the groundwork for everything to follow, and opened up a lot of avenues for punk rock in Vancouver. '86 was another time when the scene really opened up, and things were really, really awesome in Vancouver. Lots of kids were going to shows—it wasn't bizarre to go to a punk rock show, even a show with local bands headlining at the New York Theater, and have 400-600 kids show up. Death Sentence or DOA could be headlining, and you'd have almost 1,000 kids coming out for a show.

Why do you think that doesn't happen now? [A big show nowadays, by Vancouver hardcore standards, is 200 people. —Sean]

There's too much for kids to do nowadays. There's the internet. Playstation, hundreds of cable and satellite TV channels—all that stuff wasn't really around back then. Back in the 1980s, you skateboarded, you listened to punk rock, and you went to shows. There weren't as many distractions. You didn't just say, "I'm staying home tonight and playing Tony Hawk."

You're always championing Euro bands and talking about the European scene. What's so great about it?

Kids in North America just don't have the same political orientation as they do in Europe. We, as Canadians, are so not separated from American culture that it's almost like we live there, whereas in Europe, they're so not American. They look at things differently, and the thing that makes European hardcore so crucial is that those bands sometimes try really hard to be American, but because they're not American and don't have the same perspective on things, something gets screwed up in the translation. It makes it not American, totally European, totally its own, and a lot more interesting. There are a lot of American hardcore bands that I think are totally paint-by-numbers; so many of them sound the same. A European hardcore band, trying to sound like an American hardcore band, may have that paint-by-numbers aspect, but something gets lost in the translation. Early Refused is a lot like that. They were definitely influenced by American hardcore, but what came out was very un-American.

You're older than a lot of people in the scene. You've always boosted all-ages shows, and I can't recall the last time I saw you at a bar show. What do you say to people who ask you, "Why do you hang out with a bunch of fucking kids?" What is so good about hardcore shows? I get questioned all the time, and I'm 31. I don't know how old you are....

I'm a little older than you. [laughs] A lot of people my age have gotten to the point where they're kind of boring, to be totally honest. And I hang out with kids that aren't my age, not because I don't want to be boring, but because, well, we obviously share a common interest. It's as if people my age have lost the passion for things that were important to them at one point in time, and I haven't lost the passion for punk rock yet. I don't want to lose it. I also think that people of all ages can learn a lot from each other. I'm constantly being surprised by people half my age, by things they say and things they do. A lot of people have some really interesting ideas, and I'm constantly finding new perspectives on things. The most important thing we share is the same passion. I don't care how old people are—if you are 60 and you have the same passion for punk rock I do, I'd probably hang out with you.

"Hardcore is exclusionary, male-dominated, white-bread crap. It's homophobic and played out." How do you counter a statement like that?

Well, I wouldn't say it's played, because it's managed to keep my interest for 23 years. There's obviously enough innovation, and I'm not bored yet. I think a lot of the people who would say it's white, male and exclusionary are....

White males?

No, they're most likely people who would feel excluded wherever they went. I would have to see, on a number of levels, yeah, hardcore is definitely white and male, but it's not a racial or cultural thing; it's just that there are a lot of white males involved. No one is saying you're not allowed to participate because you're a girl. Hell, yeah—I love "girl hardcore." F-Minus in particular are amazing and kick ass. I'm also totally stoked on this band Zinc from Spain, right now. Both are awesome bands, so I'm like "bring it on" even if you're male, female, purple, pink, or if you play with Teletubbies—bring it on.

And places like Malaysia have huge hardcore scenes. Not a white person in sight.

Yeah, it's just easy to point out the negative. If you ask me, hardcore is still pretty fucking progressive. *

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HOT SWEDISH NIGHTS

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS KICK IT OUT FOR THE NICE BUT CREEPY OLD GUYS

Interview by Christine Gfroerer, Photo by Bryce Dunn

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Oh, to be young and Swedish! Sahara Hotnights are an all girl four piece from Umeå, Sweden—an “absolut” cocktail of Suzi Quatro and the more raw side of The Runaways. These women maintain the Spirit of ’77 with one foot and a half in early punk and a toe or two dipped in loud, bellbottom rock, while most of them weren’t even born until 1981! They keep up with the boys easily; they are fierce and, dare I say, pretty sexy too.

During the soundcheck of their last Vancouver show, I met up with the surprisingly amiable and well-spoken sisters, Jennie (guitars) and Johanna (bassist) Asplund. Big sis Jennie did most of the talking, while poor Johanna, with a cold, coughed away quietly, but added some comments here and there.

DISCORDER: I heard you started playing at a very young age. How old were you when you started the band?
Jennie and Johanna: (Jennie) was 13, and the others were 11, but at the time I played synthesizers.

You apparently started the band because you were bored, but why did you really start it?

From the beginning, we were all friends, and all interested in music and played instruments. Since we were friends, we all thought we should try playing in a band together—and we are sisters, too. We never played with any other people but us. I don’t know how it would be if we had played with anyone else. That would be bad.

Were you self-taught?

Yeah, pretty much. We took lessons in school, too, but we didn’t really do our homework—we just sat around talking to the teacher about how cool it was going to be to have a rock band and to be on tour.

What were the first records you bought?

I really liked Roxette as a kid. They had really sleazy pop songs. When I was little my dad gave me a Dire Straits cassette. I didn’t like it then, but I like it now!

Being an all-female band, do you hope to encourage other girls to get out there and start bands, too?

Yeah, well, of course—if they are a good band. I hope that [all the] people [will], whether it’s boys or girls. And it’s of course fun if there are more girls doing it, but there are so many other female bands who push for girl bands because they are girls and not because they’re good. It kind of makes it a bit weird, because it’s perpetuating the idea that girls can’t be good musicians. You have to make it the same deal for both: just start a band, see what happens, play as much as you can, and then when you’re ready, you’re ready—not just [putting] it out because it’s cool that it’s all girls. A lot of record companies think it’s going to sell more records because it’s girls and then sign them, but then it’s way too fast, because sometimes it’s not that good. It’s pretty weird, because,

when we got popular in Sweden, all the major labels wanted to sign us because we were an all-girl band and they thought it was some kind of trend, but we sounded awful back then.

People ask us, “I want to start a band, too, with just girls—what am I supposed to do?” And I don’t really have a good answer for that, because I just think you should start a band with people you hang out with and who have the same interests. So, if it’s three guys, why should you look for three girls? We never thought it was a weird thing that we all were females. When we started, we didn’t think that much about it, but then the media started reacting to it and made it seem unusual, and then only focused on that.

Have you been approached by any feminist magazines trying to get statements from you and to support the idea of being a feminist band?

Of course we think of ourselves as a feminist band, and I would presume that all girls are feminists to a certain point, but just playing music proves that. But whether it’s boys or girls, it doesn’t matter—we don’t have to shout “go girls” or “girl power”—it’s more about just having an interest in playing music. But of course more girls should pick up instruments, because everybody can do it. But we don’t think about it too much; we just play and have fun and it works out in the end.

It’s obvious that perseverance and dedication have no gender bias.

Yeah, exactly. It’s not like someone can just say, “I want to have a band and I want to be famous.” Maybe it does help a bit that we’re girls; it’s just that sometimes it pushes us back. There’s so much manufactured shit out there, and so many put-together bands, that it kind of destroys it for the bands that have actually built up a reputation for being good live.

A lot of rock bands today are convinced that image is really important, and more effort is spent on that and the marketing, rather than the music itself. What are your thoughts?

Well, of course you want to look good on stage. But yeah, it’s true, [the labels] always want to change the band and hire a stylist. But, in fact, the bands have something unique to begin with, and that’s part of the reason why people like them—because they do dress in a certain way. We’ve made so many mistakes, because sometimes we get free clothes and get all excited and put them on and then realize that we normally wouldn’t buy that stuff. And now we know to think twice about wearing some of the clothes we get. We have to do our own makeup, because sometimes we go to photo shoots and they always want to do us up and make us look like real “rock chicks” with loads of makeup, because they think it’s cool. It’s the “girl” thing again—because we’re a girl band, there’s always this huge wardrobe with a stylist saying stuff like, “I know exactly what you like, girls! I’m going to make you look so cute!” So, there’s the “rock chick” look and then there’s the “cute look” to attract boys. And the labels and magazines always have to put

us in one of those categories. We are never allowed to just be in between somewhere.

If someone never heard you before would you tell them to listen to your record first or go see you live?
[emphatically] Definitely see us live!

What were some of your favourite live shows and what other bands have you enjoyed being on the same bill with?

I liked touring with The Soundtrack of Our Lives, because they’re one of my favourite Swedish bands, and they’re really good songwriters and amazingly good musicians. It’s pretty scary how good they are! Another band we really like and toured with is a Swedish punk rock band called Randy. They’ve toured Canada before with Propaganda, and they have a new album out on Epitaph.

Are Sahara Hotnights working on a new album already?

We’re finishing this tour first. We’ll be home for about a week, and then we’re off to Australia and Japan and maybe come back to North America and do a few TV shows and then we’re through with this album. I mean, it’s been two years since we released Jennie Bomb in Sweden and we really want to put out some new stuff. They’ve been screaming for a new album from us in Sweden too. So we’re going to dedicate the whole summer to writing new material.

I can’t resist asking if you ever get male groupies or any guys approaching you?

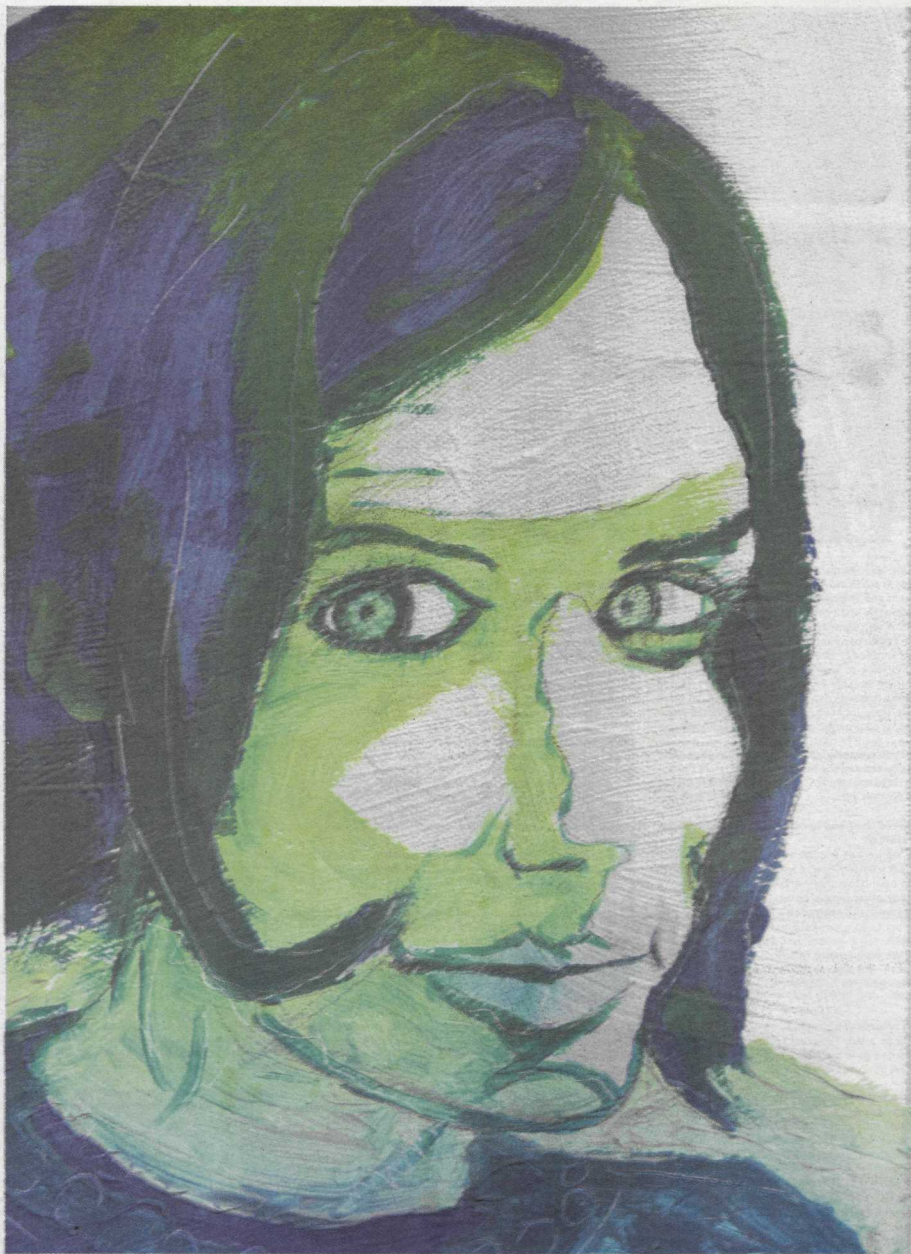
Guys are usually pretty shy—it’s so hard to tell if they want to sleep with you or not. *[lots of giggling]* There are sometimes really obsessed guys coming up to us, but I don’t know if it’s because they like the music, [or are] collecting autographs and pictures, or they just think we’re cute. There are a lot of older men at our shows (especially here) that listen to bands like The Runaways. They compare us to that all the time; we always see them wearing Donnas shirts and stuff. They’re always nice, but it’s kind of creepy. We usually prefer kids in our audiences, because they’re so enthusiastic about the music.

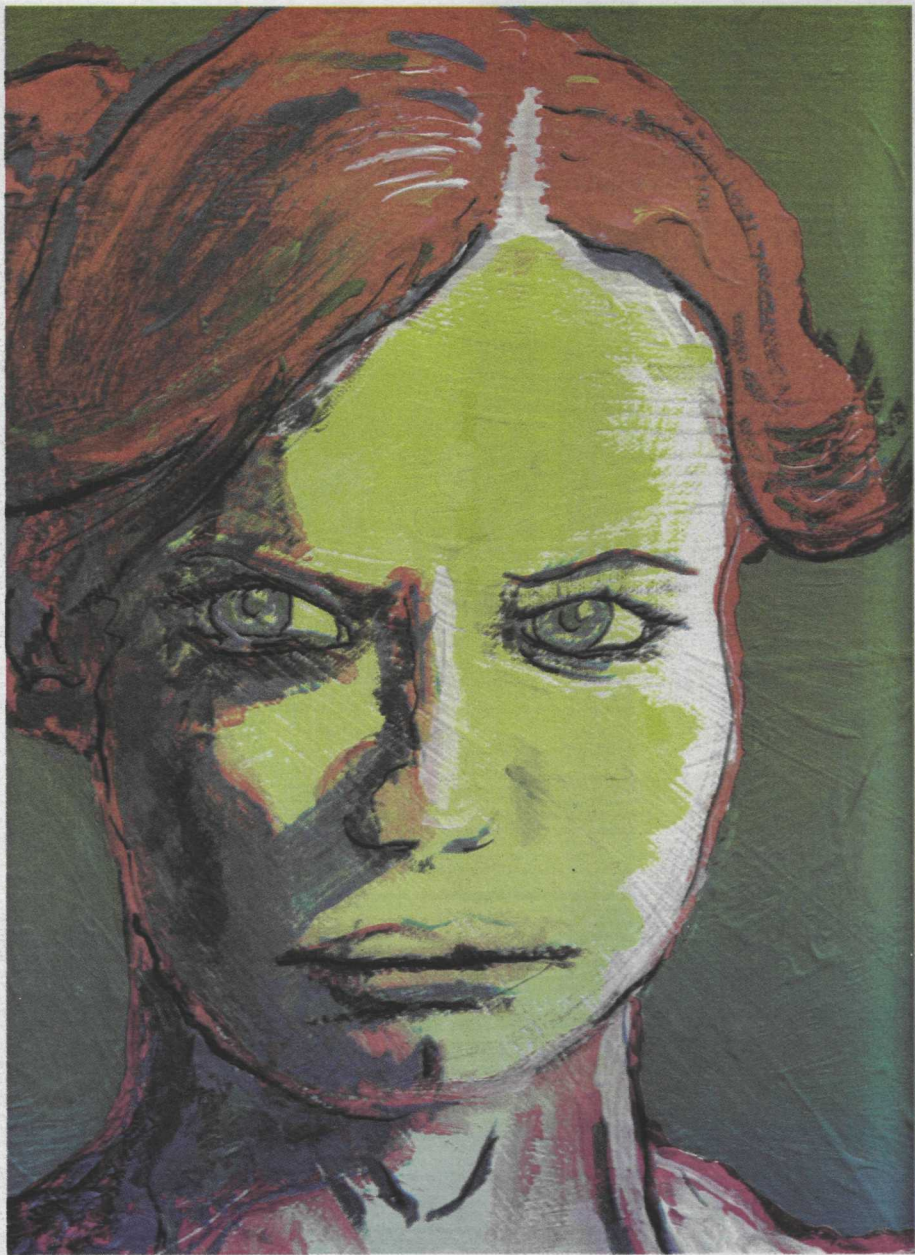
Okay, more gossip about guys!! I heard a rumour that one of you is dating the singer from The Hives—is that true?

Yes, it’s Maria, our singer. They’ve been going out for about one and a half years. It’s funny, because one time we met this band, and they said, “We heard all of you are married to the people in The Hives!” What?

Is to continue making records a long-term goal, or do you just want to have fun for now and see where things take you?

Yeah, right now we’re not planning anything more than this next record, and just enjoying making a record and touring with it. We don’t see ourselves in this band in 10 years, but we have fun and we want to keep having fun. It’s been working out pretty good so far, actually, which is nice!



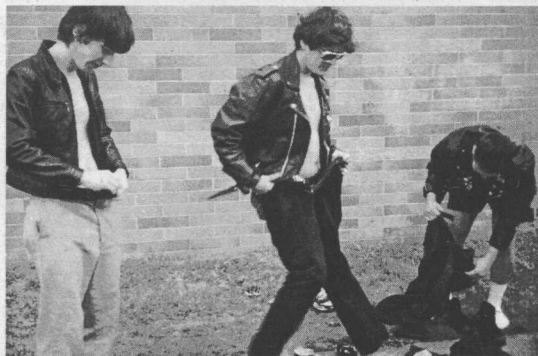


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WHAT /SN'T IT ABOUT POP-PUNK?

PAPER LANTERNS WANT YOU TO DANCE AND GROW A BEARD

Interview by Chris Eng. Photo by Lori Kiessling



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Pop-punk's not a serious music genre. I mean, it's kind of fun, I guess, but it's just, I dunno. Not serious. Not like *emo* or anything.

People say this, you know. A lot. More often than you'd think. And if you happen to be one of the people that says this, and I catch you saying it, I'm gonna steal your cardigan and break your Buddy Holly glasses, and you can cry and write an *emo* song about that, okay? Because pop-punk is as serious as any other music genre—it runs the gamut between happy (Green Day), angry/sarcastic (Screaming Weasel), and lovestruck/lovelorn (Mr. T Experience)—it's just fun. It makes you want to dance and sing along to it, and that's no bad thing from a music scene wherein standing around and looking affected or brain-damaged has become *de rigueur*.

Well, Vancouver's Paper Lanterns are fun. They are fun and people like to dance and sing along at their shows; they wear matching outfits—but make them look playful as opposed to played-out—and their lyrics run the gamut from happy to angry to lovelorn. There is no pretense or attitude, just beer and beards and good times. And, best of all, you don't have to wait for them to come to your town—they're already here.

I am going to ask you all of the most stereotypical interview questions I can possibly think of. So, who are you, and what instrument do you play, and what's your favourite kind of drink?

Dan: I'm Dan, I play bass and sing, gin and tonic.

Andrew: My name is Andrew, and I play guitar and sing. And my favourite drink is... I like all drinks, I think; I don't have a favourite.

Metal Steve: My name is Metal Steve, and I play the drums. I like drinking just about anything.

Falsetto Metal Steve: My name is John Young, and I play the guitar. And I'M STRAIGHTEDGE!

How did the band start, and if you don't make it interesting, I'll just rewrite it and turn it into the introduction.

Andrew: Okay. So, as I was scaling the Swiss Alps with me and my sherpa from Nepal... no, just joking. I was playing with Bart Newman from Painted Youth and Norm Drullman, who played in The Attack before, and we were just jamming, but it didn't really work out, because we were busy with other bands, so we broke up and I was just going to quit everything and take my bags back to Smithers! Become a lawnmower for the rest of my life! And then Metal Steve said:

Metal Steve: "I heard you need a drummer."

Andrew: And I was like, "Bro, dude! I totally need a drummer!" And then I met Dan through our friend Winnie, and John Young also said, "Oh, I really wanna play in your pop-punk band. And I heard you guys were breaking up or whatever, so I can play." And then I

asked Dan if he wanted to play bass, because he doesn't normally play bass. And thus, the creation of the Paper Lanterns was complete. That's pretty much it. Anything you guys want to add?

Dan: Uh, you didn't make it that interesting.

Metal Steve: Sorry.

Andrew: Well, that's how we were formed! Oh, yeah! And then we got into a fight with another gang! And, uh...

Dan: Shut up.

Metal Steve: I just keep thinking that people are going to read this.

What does "punk rock" mean to you?

All: OH NO! OH, MAN!

Andrew: Dan can go first.

Dan: I guess it's just about fun and doing what you want to do.

Metal Steve: Givin'er.

Dan: [laughs] Givin'er, but having a conscience about it.

Andrew: Yeah, I'd like to think it entails some sort of political conscience, but it doesn't really have to be embedded in your music. I think punk rock means choosing to do what you think is best for your world, and having a social conscience.

So, how are the Paper Lanterns contributing to the betterment of the world?

Andrew: We're making people happy.

Metal Steve: Pop-punk!

Dan: Play pop-punk, make people dance.

Andrew: Yeah, because, if you've noticed: at Vancouver shows no one dances whatsoever! It's a complete lack of involvement between the performer and the audience, and I think that simply by dancing you can really connect with the performer. And that's what we want: people to dance and have fun.

What kind of crazy tour stories do you have?

Dan: There was the pizza mosh.

Andrew: [laughs] Oh yeah! You can tell that one!

Dan: We've played one out-of-town show in Comox, and it was in the living room of this house and it was packed—it was really, really hot in there—and everyone was dancing and having fun. I look up and there's this guy crowdsurfing with a slice of pizza—pointing it at my face! So, I just kind of ate it while I played, and that's the "pizza mosh."

What are your three desert island records?

Andrew: That's a great question!

Dan: It's a rough question. I have problems whittling it down to three albums, 'cuz I like everything.

Metal Steve: Cat Power—Moonpie, Tom Waits—Rain Dogs, and Green Day—Dookie.

Dan: I'd have to say probably... uh, three?! I'd have to say... NoMeansNo—Wrong, Tom Waits—Swordfish Trombones, and The

McCrackens—Back To The Crack.

Andrew: Okay, for me I think: Screaming Weasel—How To Make Enemies and Irritate People, The Beatles—Abbey Road, and Green Day—Dookie.

Metal Steve: Nice.

What was the first album you ever bought for yourself?

Dan: Michael Jackson—Thriller.

Andrew: For me... this is so bad. It was either—actually one of them is really good... it was either the Ashley MacIsaac album called *Hi How Are You Today?*—it has a rad punk rock song on it—and then the other one was *12 Inches of Snow*. [Andrew and Dan hi-five.]

All: [laughter]

Which one was the good one?

Dan: Yeah!

Andrew: Dude, Ashley MacIsaac's awesome!

Dan: Hmmmm... that's debatable.

Andrew: Well... "Devil In The Kitchen" is a rad song! At least give me that much...

What is it about pop-punk?

Andrew: What isn't it about pop-punk?

Dan: It's just fun.

Andrew: It's pure!

Dan: It's just simple and fun. I can't describe it.

Andrew: I think the fact that you can make music that sounds amazing out of three chords and just a bit of harmony and okay singing and a couple of solos—it just rules. I really like the idea of making pure music and I think pop-punk is pretty pure.

Metal Steve: It doesn't need to be over-produced to sound good.

Dan: A demo recorded on a ghetto-blaster can sound just as good as a studio recording.

Aren't beards emo and not pop-punk?

Dan: No, Mike Kirsch has a beard—he's been in lots of pop-punk bands.

Metal Steve: Beards are sweet.

Dan: Beards mean you don't have to get up as early to go to work. **Metal Steve:** I don't go to school on time, anyway!

Andrew: If I could grow facial hair, I'd probably agree, but since I can't, I think beards are emo and not pop-punk, and you guys should shave!

Dan: Just because you can only grow a perv-stache. Sorry, nonono—a molestache.

Andrew: It's a Frenchman's moustache!

Dan: Yeah, my point exactly! •

(Paper Lanterns have a demo tape available at Teenage Rampage. They are playing North Van at the Seymour Community Centre on May 9th. Visit them on the web at www.paper-lanterns.com.)

HUM A FEW BARS

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE ON THEIR LIFE, LOVE AND INFLUENCES (WHICH SPAN FROM GLENN CAMPBELL TO ZIMBABWE FOLK)

Interview by saelan



In 1999, Brendan Canning of By Divine Right and Kevin Drew of KC Accidental and Do Make Say Think decided to record an album together. Since then, their pet project has blossomed from two musicians to a full ten, all of them veterans of the eclectic and experimentally-oriented Toronto scene. Broken Social Scene now boasts members of Stars, Godspeed You! Black Emperor, The Metric, Treble Charger, A Silver Mt. Zion, and Massicot, just to name a few. Their album, *You Forgot It In People*, released late in 2002, has been getting such spectacular rave reviews for its diverse approach, dense layers, and stunning blend of experimentalism and killer pop hooks that the album has just now received a wider release—and the Juno award they just won for Best Alternative Album isn't going to hurt their popularity, either.

I had a chance to talk over the phone with Brendan Canning while the band was having lunch at Café Deux Soleils the day after their show here in Vancouver. This is what he had to say about touring with a huge band, the Arts and Crafts record label started by the band and their friends, and the benefits of success.

DISORDER: I guess my first question is, how did Broken Social Scene go from a couple guys to such a sprawling collective?
Brendan Canning: Well, Kevin (Do Make Say Think) was in a band called KC Accidental with Charles Spearin, so when me and Kevin got together, those two brought a lot of people along, and when we started touring, some friends of mine joined us....

So you were kind of a collective right from the start, then? How many people played on your first album?
Umm... I guess it was about ten people.

Okay, I wanted to talk about the production on *You Forgot It In People*. It's really amazing, but I looked up the producer, Dave Newfeld, and I can't find him on anything except a Mean Red Spiders album from '98. Where did you find him?
Well, he's done a lot of stuff around Toronto, a couple of hits in the '80s, actually... how did that one go? (hums a few bars) You know that one?

Umm, no. I don't really recognize that.
Yeah... well, it was kind of big for a little while. I think, probably, he's going to be known a bit more now for the stuff he did on our album.

Did he have a big part in the way you put your songs together? The production seems to be really integrated into all the parts of your songs—and how about just size: is it hard for you to write songs with so many people?

Actually, writing songs is the easy part for us. It's a very collective process. Somebody will just come up with an idea and everyone contributes their parts. After that, it's just a matter of knowing when to come in....

How was South By Southwest?
Oh, it was great. We had a really good response. It was funny—ten minutes before we went on there was hardly anyone there, and by the time we finished our first song it was sold out.

There's been quite a buzz circulating about you guys. How do you feel about the possibility of becoming a flagship Canadian indie band?
Well, obviously we're all for it. It's exciting. I mean, really, just being able to be heard is what we've all wanted, so we're really happy with the way things are going.

Whose idea was it to put five separate positive reviews on the slipcover of your album?
Ugh. Well, that was a marketing decision, and there's obviously some downsides to it and the way it looks, but it really does make the difference to, say, a person who's never heard of us. If they see that, they're a lot more likely to pick up the album.

I've heard that your record label, Arts & Crafts, is really interested in changing the way the music business model works—like you want to include photography and film and stuff, as well as music. What kind of things do you have going on with that?

It's really simple, actually—we just have friends that do art, and friends that take really great photos, and Kevin wants to start doing films, and we want everyone to be involved and get their work seen. It's just a matter of keeping things under this family wing, more or less. Nothing more than that. As for stuff coming out: Andrew Whiteman, who plays with us, is putting out his solo project, the Apostle of Hustle; Jason Collett's putting out a solo album; and another Broken Social Scene album is almost ready to go. That should probably be out by September.

Speaking of family, you dedicate the album to your "friends, families, and loves," and you sing on "Almost Crimes": "We've got love and hate, it's the only way." So, what inspires you? What are the loves and hates that make you want to make music?
The same thing that makes us want to live, I guess. To feel good, and to try and do something positive. That line you're speaking of, that's Leslie, that's just the first thing she sang. That's sort of our approach to it, seeking initial inspirations, sort of getting to

the source of the matter that way. There's no grand scheme or anything, it's just a matter of trying to do something good and to include our friends, families and loves.

Influences are kind of hard to pin down for Broken Social Scene. You don't really sound too much like anyone other than just combinations of the other bands you're all in, so I'm curious—what do you guys listen to?
Well, oddly enough, we listened to an old Dinosaur Jr. tape as we were filling up—I mean, that's kind of an obvious one. There's a lot of stuff we listen to: a little bit of Afro-Cuban stuff, jazz, because I mean, everyone in the band has extensive record collections. Lots of hip hop; too... and if it's not hip hop, it's Glenn Campbell or it's Neil Young, or it's Pavement or the Stand-Bys, or, you know, it's some disco tracks. The amount of tapes we have in the van really spans all your favourite indie rock, all your favourite hip up in some really excellent Afro stuff. Andrew's roommate grew up in Zimbabwe so we've got a lot of really good Zimbabwe stuff....

Alright, that's about all I had to ask you. Was there anything else you wanted to say?
Umm... well, I'm not that good at talking about myself, sometimes. I just think... what do I think? I have a guitar player walking by me... I have all these people walking by me as I'm calling you from the laundromat. It's a nice feeling—it feels sort of like home. It's a really good floating caravan we have going right now.

I guess it must be a really good atmosphere to have such a big community like that on tour, having all your friends around with you all the time.
Well, it definitely makes this kind of trip more bearable. Whereas if you're with four people and two of the people aren't talking... just all of it—if you stick people together for a long period of time... even with this crew it's difficult as well, but I think we're making the most of it. Everyone is conscientious. It's a little easier once you start getting all the support that we've got, so when the pins start falling in your favour you can get angry and disappointed that your van cost \$4000 to fix and you missed your ferry to get over to Vancouver, but it's still really positive. Next time we come to Vancouver, we'd like to be playing the Commodore or something. Well, maybe not next time, but the time after that. I just want to play music for people. I think everyone does, and to try and keep it as interesting as possible for everyone, including ourselves primarily. If we're not interested, then it's hard to translate anything. I guess that's all.

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NOT JUST ANOTHER ACCORDION PLAYER

GEOFF BERNER'S FIVE YEAR PLAN TO FORTUNE AND GLORY

Interview by Val Cormier



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Geoff Berner plays the accordion, and makes no apologies. Despite the resurgence of Tex-Mex and Cajun music as relatively cool music genres, the accordion, for many, is linked to the soundtrack of many a bad Oktoberfest. But the times they are a-changin', and the fact that a solo accordion player can draw a packed house at the Railway Club should make us all sit up and take notice. Geoff pulled this off a few months ago with his release party for new CD *We Shall Not Flag Or Fail, We Shall Go On To The End*. His acerbic writing, twisted worldview and take-no-prisoners delivery combine for an experience pleasing to punks and folkies alike.

Geoff spent a good chunk of the '90s with local band Terror of Tiny Town, and since commencing his solo career in 1999 has toured extensively, playing both club and folk festival gigs. He'll be spending most of May touring Norway and the UK, including several opening spots for Billy Bragg.

DISORDER caught up with Geoff during a break from his recent tour with the Corb Lund Band.

DISORDER: When did you start playing accordion?

Geoff Berner: As a teenager I learned to play bluesy, honky-tonk piano. Memphis Slim, Pinetop Perkins, Art Tatum kind of stuff. I was at a party once and somebody mentioned that I should play accordion. Somebody else said, "Hey, I got one you can have," and that was it. We were drunk at the time.

But then it made more sense as time went on, and when the band disintegrated, I had been playing boozecans and after-hours parties with the accordion. A lot of my friends liked what I was doing solo with the accordion better than the full-on electric band, partly, I guess, because they could hear the words.

Would you ever want to tour with a full electric band?

No, the direction I'm going in is toward dirty village klezmer music. Any band I'll be playing with in the future would be more towards that sound.

You're Jewish, so is this a way of connecting with your heritage?

Playing accordion did lead me to listen to more klezmer. At first I thought I didn't like it, because I heard a lot that was crap. Most klezmer music is terrible. I'm only just starting to find things that I like. The stuff that I do like really speaks to me more than other music. We weren't terribly religious, but I had a Jewish education, and that included music in prayer and music in celebration. In the community where I was growing up here, it's mainly Eastern

European Jews. So it's music I'd been hearing my whole life, and we incorporated bits of it into Terror of Tiny Town from time to time. The more I played the accordion, the more it made sense for me to be moving towards that style.

I don't know what the best way to say it is other than that I'm drifting effortlessly into klezmer. I think you can hear it in the difference between my first EP and this new CD. The next CD, the transition will be even further. But it'll be my kind of klezmer, and hopefully it will be seen as blasphemous to the klezmer establishment.

It's more important to get the emotional expression of the music right than it is to get the music perfect or "authentic." When it was being practiced before the Holocaust in Eastern Europe, it was a constantly mutating organism. There was never an "authentic" period of klezmer. This is partly why klezmer music speaks to me so much: in many ways it was the punk rock of its time and place. These were the knockaround, hard-drinking, travelling people that you didn't want your daughters to meet. These were not the classically trained musicians, and they were not always technical masters. They had something else to offer—they had guts in their playing.

I've been hearing some stuff that makes me think that's possible, and that's the kind of klezmer I want to play. To really play it, I'd have to keep borrowing from everything around me. That's what they did. The klezmer bands were not exclusively Jews, they had lots of Slavic and Gypsy—or Romany—musicians. At the same time, I really hate a lot of the jazz-klezmer-fusion stuff. It's just gross.

You wrote "Light Enough to Travel," which to me was the best song on the Be Good Tanyas enormously successful album *Blue Horse*. Was that a boost for you?

Yeah, and a lot of other people have covered that song, too. Now every time I play a show there's several people who are there because they found out I wrote that song.

The Be Good Tanyas create this incredible mood, they have fantastic voices, and their taste on everything else they've recorded is impeccable. So it's kind of hard not to feel like I must have done something right there. The first time I heard their version of my song was one of the greatest moments of my life. It's turned out to be the single break that really led to everything that's happening now.

People come up to me in different parts of the country and say about that song, "Yeah, I lived in Vancouver for, like, three

years, and I had to get out. That's the kind of loneliness you feel in Vancouver." In the Be Good Tanyas version, a lot of people get a jump out of it—it's a much more upbeat and hopeful song when they do it. I don't think it has less depth at all; it just has more of a positive spin. Which is odd, in a way. That was one of my slowest and saddest songs, yet it's the happiest song on their record.

How did you get hooked up with Billy Bragg?

I ended up in a workshop with Billy Bragg at the Calgary Folk Festival in 2001. Afterwards, this English guy came up and said, "That was really good. I'd really like to have a record of yours and a card." I didn't know until later that it was Billy Bragg's manager. He wrote to me and asked when I was coming over to England. As it happened, I'd just got a Canada Council grant to go over the following April, so I did some shows then. I'm going back to the UK in May, and Norway as well.

What's your connection to Norway?

There's this band over there called the Reelones, and a guy here who books me, Cameron Noyes, brought them over to do some festivals in 1999. They saw me play and said that I should go over there. So I did and I had a really great time. Everyone was so nice to me there.

And they make up their own damn minds about things. I was on Norwegian national radio long before I was on Canadian national radio. You drive through the mountains, the way you drive through Rogers Pass, and there's those gas stations, you know? The ones with the bad tapes and CDs in the racks? Over there they have Leonard Cohen CDs for sale in the gas stations.

Where do you see yourself in five years' time?

Well, I think I'll be selling millions of records, there'll be a host of imitator solo accordion players, and commercial radio will be jammed with the ubiquitous sound of accordion and voice. My many acolytes will find a more commercial way to do the solo accordion sound, surpass me in record sales, and successfully topple me from my throne.

And then when you're really old they'll come to you looking for words of wisdom?

That's right. And then I'll sleep with their women! [laughs]

<<http://www.geoffberner.com>>

I AM THE MALKMUS

A CONVERSATION WITH STEPHEN MALKMUS AND JOHN MOEN

Interview by
Merek Cooper



How do you become the voice of a generation when no one can understand what you're saying? Simple: you speak for a generation that doesn't know what to say. Just ask Stephen Malkmus. For years, his band Pavement was the musical embodiment of disaffected '90s slacker youth. Ramshackle in both appearance and sound, the band was a mirror for a generation that had a voice, yet struggled to find anything meaningful to say. While behind him the rest of the band trod an unsteady musical tightrope, Malkmus' lyrics were the perfect expression of postmodern ennui—free-floating signifiers and non sequiturs that could be bent by the listener into whatever meaning they wished.

Now Malkmus is two albums into a solo career, and he's still as willfully obtuse as ever. It's not even a proper solo career, if you ask him, he'll tell you *Pig Lib* is actually a joint effort from him and The Jicks—a band consisting of Joanna Bolme, John Moen, and Mike Clark. And while the music may be lighter, accusations of mellowing out have little validity—since when has Malkmus not been mellow? Listening to *Pig Lib*, you soon realize he's still the same old contrarian he's always been.

I spoke to Stephen and drummer John Moen in an attempt to pierce the enigma. I didn't get very far...

Before the interview, I was listening to loads of your songs and trying to think of questions related to them and I couldn't. Do you set out to make impenetrable songs?

Stephen Malkmus: Yeah, I suppose so. I try not to have them be quite so literal. I set out to do that more in interviews probably. [Laughs] Because it's just a little didactic or preachy to tell people: "this is exactly what that song meant to me then." In a hundred years that won't really matter anyway, too much. I mean, you can use, like, your hypnosis to tell people: "This is why this is good and why these are special lyrics or a good record." But I mean, the words, they'll exist on their own.

Yeah, I mean, I love your lyrics—but I can't explain them.

SM: Yeah, it's tough. It's bits and pieces that just come to me. I don't know where from so I don't criticise it too much and I try to let it flow.

How does the song writing process work? Is it lyrics first and then the music?

SM: Eh, it comes all together if you're inspired. But lyrics generally do come later—the guitar figures tend to come first. Then you just imagine yourself doing it and what would sound right and hopefully something comes. But you can't really force that because maybe you're not in the mood and you're like: "Oh, there's that word again, or..."

Do you ever just go with whatever rhymes?

SM: Sometimes on some of the more sing-songy ones I do. But other ones don't need that really, so... but they generally do rhyme a little bit. It's just a good anchor for whatever weirdness you're doing, y'know? It gives it a little bit of form, thankfully, because we don't really want to do completely formless stuff. We just try and hold it together loose enough with a rhyme at the end and some stream of meaning that goes together maybe in your dreams.

Do you have anyone who inspires you?
SM: Not really.

Oh? I always think that your work is reminiscent of Bob Dylan around Highway 61 Revisited.

SM: That would be good. His songs are so much wordier than mine, even. But I like that stuff—it's definitely inspiring. If it's not too pretentious, I like some poetry stuff. Mallarmé, he influenced one song—French poet, Symbolist poet. Erm, I guess I would lean towards that or John Ashbery or Wallace Stevens. Guys that you would read in college and then not tell anybody about it because it sounds kind of pompous. My songs are still rock and roll fun. It's not Oasis, but it's not Milton, either.

Thank God it's not Oasis.

SM: Yeah, they've kind of... you're from England right?

Yeah.

SM: What part?

A small town on the east coast that's, like, the Miami Beach of England—lots of old people, a place to leave.

SM: Is it near Hull? We know Hull.

It's maybe an hour and a half drive.

SM: Our guitar tech is from Hull, so we spent a lot of time there. "It's never dull in Hull," so he says. Fatboy Slim's from there. "Tigers!! Tigers!!" [A Hull City Soccer chant.]

Didn't you used to support Luton Town [another obscure English soccer team]?

SM: Not really. The guy that ran our record label at the time was a big Luton supporter. And, jokingly—because they were such an absurd team—we picked them up and used it as a cheap media thing. I've been accused of supporting Crystal Palace [Do I have to keep explaining?—Merek] too at different times by another guy on our Spanish label—this guy who used to live in England, I went on their fanboy board on the internet and they were like: "Who is the world's most famous Crystal Palace supporter?" And my name was on there. I'd forgot that I even said I supported them. I went there for a press story recently and he's, like, all amped up: "We're in the FA Cup! We're doing really well!" I'm like: "Who is this 'us'?"

I also wanted to ask you about the *Slanted and Enchanted* reissue. Did you all get together to listen to the tapes?

SM: Not really. We just sent them off with some bonus tracks and peel sessions and b-sides that were lying around. I wrote some liner notes. But it was more a decision of the label—they really wanted to do it. And we were like: "Ok." I guess they were excited, so we had to be.

I can't believe it was released over 10 years ago.

SM: It doesn't seem like that long now. But time flies when...

You're having fun?

SM: Touring your ass off. [Laughs.]

A lot of people describe that album as a high benchmark in the lo-fi thing.

SM: I know. But there's a lot of good lo-fi records throughout history, y'know? The DIY punk from England and I guess Sebadoh. And the '60s—there was plenty of lo-fi weirdness then. I guess we fit in with that. It's not that much more lo-fi than *White Light/White Heat* or something and that's err... but it is lo-fi, yeah.

Yeah, well, it blew me and my school friends away.

SM: Yeah, it was different for the time, especially the production style of the day. We just thought: "Well, The Pixies were something and Steve Albini recorded them and he said well you can't use any reverb." So we were like, "Okay, no reverb."

There's almost no bottom end on that record.

SM: Well, we didn't know that, we just didn't have a bass, y'know? We definitely wanted to sound sort of trashy, because it was already going to sound trashy because we did it in a bad place, so we were like: "Why try and polish something that was already pretty raw—may as well just leave it the way it is."

Also, I remember when Britpop hit England you guys were the only American band that English bands would own up to liking.

SM: Yeah, I remember Blur and Pulp and stuff liked us.

You famously stayed at Justine Frischmann's house at the height of Britpop. Do you still keep in touch with her?

SM: Yeah, she's cool, I like her. But you've gotta keep going in England and she took a few years off just bumming around and her time was lost, y'know?

There were rumours that she was going to work with you on the solo stuff.

SM: She was! She was going to tour with us at the start. It just turned out to be too much of an ordeal and we just wanted to keep it on the down low with Mike [Clark]—this guy that's still with us. It was easier to rehearse with him, he lives nearer. We've got to fly her over. That's almost Pavement-style—all living in different places—and I wanted to keep it organic. She's cool, though. I've got nothing bad to say about her.

They probably ask you a lot of questions about her in England?

SM: They did a bit. I probably got asked more. Blur questions, because they used to say they were influenced by Pavement in the "Song II"-era.

You're also going to be curating All Tomorrow's Parties in New York this September.

SM: Maybe. That's on hold, right now, because of the war, and the fact that it's in New York City, which is kind of a hassle to organize. But someday we'll definitely do it if they want us to.

So it's not going to go ahead for this September.

SM: I don't think so. It's getting late in the game and they should be announcing the line-up, really. They drew a blank on the venue. They were going to have it in an aircraft hangar...

John Moen: Or on a barge! Or in a river!

SM: No, an aircraft carrier. But because of the war it was deemed bad karma. I don't know, I don't blame them.

JM: It's horrible. They had bad ideas. We had to pull out. They were going to have it in a speeding bus that if you slow it down below 35 miles per hour, it exploded.

That would've brought some urgency to the gig.

SM: [to JM] That's a good one. That's from, like, Speed, right?

JM: Yeah.

SM: Good one.

JM: See—it wasn't a total waste me coming down here.

SM: Nah.

JM: I got one zinger in there.

SM: [In a supportive tone] You got a lot in.

I'm sorry I can't ask you more questions, John.

SM: Oh, no, I'm moral support today.

SM: Interviewing's not easy, sometimes I guess it goes well, but...

Is there anything you really want to tell me? Any news?

SM: Not really.

JM: The sex change operation? You wanna talk about that? We could talk about that. Maybe not. No, scratch that.

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FREAK OUT...

BEN KWELLER EXPOUNDS ON HIS LOVE OF BEEF JERKY AND SHIT AND STEAK

Interview by (and Photo of) Natalie Vermeer

”

Ben Kweller sprang into the public eye when his band, Radish, inspired buzz about being the next Nirvana or Silverchair, back in 1996. Originally from Texas and currently from New York, this 21-year-old anti-folk artist, whose guitar riffs seem to dig Weezer a fair bit at times, is catchy in the sense that he is endearing and writes quirky songs. He can croon and thrash and play guitar and piano (and drums, for the record).

Ben is a friendly and delightful guy who loves to hug and swear and seems like a constant juxtaposition: a concept that he happens to love. Last year, his full-length solo debut, *Sha Sha*, was released and it is slowly getting bigger and bigger. Any doubters of his talent definitely need to check out his live show as it is impossible not to be impressed.

DISORDER: My first question is whether you consider yourself a solo artist now that you don't have a band name to... I don't want to say hide behind...

Ben Kweller: I know what you're saying. I had Radish for so many years and then I moved to New York and I was by myself. I started writing songs that were way more autobiographical. I recorded this album on my computer and when I looked around the room, I realized I didn't have a band with me [so] I was like, I might as well call it Ben Kweller!

Do you have any plans to re-release *Freak Out*... It's Ben Kweller (the self-released album before *Sha Sha*)?

Yep, I think so. I know it's out of print, especially in Canada. It got to Toronto because I played some shows with Jeff Tweedy from Wilco in Toronto. One day, one of my plans is to re-release it.

What does "dienu" mean [from "Lizzy"]?

"Dienu" is an old folk word that's Hebrew, and it means "it would've been enough." When something good happens to you and then another good thing happens to you, what you had in the first place would have been enough, if nothing else happens to you. It's all about counting your blessings and staying grounded.

How do butterflies act passive-aggressive [from "In Other Words"]?

I really don't know. I just like saying that. I think the song is just about how the butterflies look so beautiful, and they don't have any worries.

26 May 2003

So who, or what, inspires you?

Everything! Life is so inspiring, and sometimes just nonsense inspires me. I like to make up words and stuff, so I like everything. It's all a big juxtaposition....

Like strawberries and skulls (as shown in his "Wasted and Ready" video)...

Exactly! That's totally what that concept was. I'm a Gemini so I see both sides to everything and I like everything, you know? I like when things mix and don't match.

What's your favorite Greg Araki film?

Probably *Nowhere*. *Doom Generation* is cool, but that ending is still too out there for me, and I don't get it. It's kind of disturbing, but I just love that one line when she said "sex reminds me of eating spaghetti." [A line he borrows for "Wasted and Ready."—Nat.] It was so bizarre and rad!

What did you do for Valentine's Day?

Well, I sent a box of goodies to Liz [his girlfriend, and inspiration for "Lizzy"—Knowledgeable Nat.], so I did a good thing... We talked this morning.

Last time I saw you, in the summer, she was selling merch. How often do you get to see each other when you tour?

Well, this is the first tour that she hasn't come on, because she's focusing on her own stuff. She's a designer. She's got a studio in Brooklyn, but she's flying out to LA to hang with us. But it's so sad, 'cause the first date of the tour, she made a bunch of brownies for us and wrote a little note: "Good luck boys, I'm gonna miss you!" She was kind of like our mom, you know?

How did you and Liz meet?

Josh, my bass player, introduced us, four years ago, in Boston. She went to "Mass Art" there—Massachusetts College of Art. He introduced us the first time I met him. Me and John from Radish needed a bass player so we had flown up to Boston to audition [Josh], and that night he had a big party at his house. Liz was there and we totally hit it off.

How do you feel about carrots?

Carrots? I really like carrots! They're good for your eyes. They have lots of vitamin A, right? I need good eyesight, 'cause mine's shit. I try to eat lots of carrots. [cough] Excuse me, I have that thing where if you breathe in too deep, you cough—do you ever have

that? It's like this reflex—fuck! So I'm just coughing all the time, but, yeah, carrots are cool. They're a vegetable, right? I like them like bunny rabbits. I'm not a huge fan of carrot cake. I'm not a big dessert person. I'm more salty than sweet! I love beef jerky and shit and steak... I would eat more nachos as opposed to getting a big chocolate cake. But yeah, carrot cake's all right... [laughs] I'm taking longer to answer that carrot question than any other question!

What's your favorite Violent Femmes song?

Oh god! Now THAT'S hard! I would probably say "Add It Up" is one of them, yeah. [singing] "Why can't I get just one screw...." Yeah, it's just like fucking SO COOL, dude! Or "Kiss Off" is sooo rad! Yeah, fuck! And I also like "Country Death Song" about this country guy, he goes insane and throws his daughter down the well and never hears her hit the bottom! It's fucking demented, but he's pretty weird!

Have you seen them live before?

Mm-mmm. Where does he live now? I think he's in New York, actually! I want to get in touch with him somehow. I want to try to interview him! Like, "Dude! Can I interview you?"

For my webpage!

Yeah, exactly! [laughs] I have a website: benkweller.com. It's my website! I love to use my name and talk about myself on it, but I do interviews!

What about the 3 Bens Tour? Is that going to stop in North America at all?

I think it's just Australia, but it might happen. I'm really focusing on my own thing still, you know? [Ben Lee and Ben Folds] are already so established. It's so much fun to write and record with those guys. They're geniuses. And Ben Folds: he can play ANYTHING on the piano; it's scary! It's like he has fifty fingers instead of ten. I don't understand it, but yeah, I'm sure we'll do a North American tour at some point.

Well, I guess that's all I have to ask... is there anything you want to add?

I can't really think of anything, but I LOVE CANADA!

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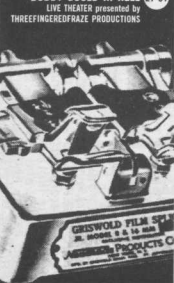
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under review

recorded media

AEROGHAMME (Matador/Chemical Underground)

The sticker on the album boldly proclaims, "Aerogramme must be believed to be heard" (and no, that's not a typo). As a rule, any band promoting itself with such a laughably pretentious and melodramatic platitude is either very desperate or very stinky. To say that Aerogramme embodies neither of these qualities would be a gross understatement; describing the band as gorgeous, raw, gripping, dramatic, and ambitious would do Aerogramme more justice.

Sleep and Release operates like a 50-minute movie swing: loud and soft, beautiful and fearsome, unique and strangely familiar. Angry guitars, **Pixies**-ish bass lines, tribal drums, an organ, and a choir are all present here, and that's just on the excellent first song, "Indiscretion #243". Aerogramme's musical genius also shines on just about every other track: "A Simple Process of Elimination" combines a spare electro crackle-and-pop background with strings, a harp, and echoing drums to make a song **Sigur Ros** would envy, while the very next song, "Older", intersperses industrial-metal guitar blasts with relatively calm lulls that only threaten future violence.

Throughout this musical tour-de-force, vocalist Craig B acts as the album's emotional lightning rod. He's downright scarily when he screams, "Let go/Let go" on "Wood", but his high-pitched voice is fragile and angelic on the album's centerpiece, "In Gratitude" (an avant-indie-modern rock power ballad). Listening to this schizophrenic display of talent for the first time generates an emotion you rarely feel when listening to music (other than awe): suspense.

As for the album's stinkiness? Something like this would be more appropriate: Aerogramme mustn't be believed to be heard; no, Aerogramme simply must be heard.

Neil Braun

AFROMYSTIK Morphology (OM records)

Drawing upon African and Brazilian rhythms, DJ culture, ambient textures, and the sort of slick soul stylings that are ubiquitous in modern dance music, **Morphology** should prove to be user friendly to both club culture vultures and armchair groover alike. The CD cover bears a striking resemblance to **Miles Davis' Bitches Brew**; however, as agreeable as **Morphology** is, it does not come close to Miles' seminal classic, which was a brave and

bold challenge to the musical sensibilities of its time. I highly doubt that **AfroMystik's** music will resonate as deeply or for as long as the legend it visually references.

DJ Satyricon

BOB LOG III Log Bob (Fat Possum)

To be honest, if it weren't for the recommendations and praise I heard about **Log Bob** the afternoon I picked this up, there is no way in hell I would have picked it up. The CD cover is adorned with a cartoon of a nerdy Star Wars-y robot/Southern/one-man band, with two girls on his lap (possibly off a Jenny Jones "My teenage daughter is a ho!" episode). The CD itself has the same sadistic-looking guy trying to thrust his scotch at someone who wasn't ready for some naked girl's boob.

So, I pictured some fat drunken hick singing about fat boobs in some nasty Southern bar. The CD looked lo-fi enough.

Well, I was right and wrong. The music was actually fun; the first song was good enough to keep me listening when clearly I was looking for anything to bash this guy with in this review.

Of course, then my moment came. The second song ("One Man Band Boom") was a typical, introductive piece where the singer gives his life story and basically tells you what the next 13 songs would be about (i.e., "Go on, put your boob in my scotch"). Naturally, that song was followed by instant bar classics like "Boob Scotch", "Wag Your Tail Like A Dog In Back Of A Truck", "Drunk Stripper", and "F-hole Parade".

My personal favourite was probably the "acknowledgements", as he gives a special thanks to the "room wiggers, the Tit Clappers, the leg riders, and the Boob Scratchers", and he ends, "thanks and a boob scotch to you."

Back to the music. It was the fun kind of country rock, and his voice matched the drunken, comical tone. The guitar sounded identical in all the songs; it was the same song, just different lyrics and slight variations. Yet **Log Bob III** achieves his goal with flying colours: no serious or deep music, just a good time.

Like the obvious yet funny guy in the bar, if you have any sense of humour, you'll like **Log Bob III**.

Parmida Zarinkamar

THE BURDOCKS Have a Million Friends (Out of Touch)

Are you sad about the fact that **Thrush Hermit** had to break up? Were you one of the first wave of **Sloan** fans, ending up all that great indie rock that

was popping out of Halifax in the last decade? Well, if so, maybe you already have this album. But there's a chance that you haven't yet heard of **The Burdocks**, in which case it's time you check them out. I have a Million Friends means their dabbling in the world of math rock and near **King Crimson**-esque rhythm changes and jams, all expressed through that good ol' Halifax breed of indie rock. Is this going to be a new sound to come from the East? Probably not. There's not really enough here to sow an entire wave, and I might even say barely enough to interest someone who wasn't already into the last wave of music to come from Halifax. Beyond the style there's also a degree of social commentary (as with the song "School Television"), as well as a touch of silliness with track titles such as "The Curse of Macdonald Bridge", and "The Quick Brown Fox Jumps Over the Lazy Dog" (the second being a sentence which contains every letter in our alphabet). All the same, I have a Million Friends stands on its own as a good album and will not disappoint hardcore fans of math or indie rock.

Soren Brothers

CALIFONE Quiksand/Cradlesnakes (Thrill Jockey)

Yankee Hotel Foxtrot was a little too accessible and just needed a bit more noise and maybe a layer of dust on top of its studio gloss. **Califone** has got the one for you, folks, and it's their best album ever. Having finally evolved into a cohesive unit, **Quiksand/Cradlesnakes** sees **Califone** perfecting everything they're known for, with results that are both diverse and consistently excellent. Interestingly enough, though Brian Deck has produced **Califone** before (and he's been popping up everywhere lately, showing off his distinctive production abilities on albums by **Holopaw**, **Ugly Casanova**, and **The Fruit Bats**), he wasn't signed on to man the decks for this record, which is probably for the best—Graeme Gibson of **The Bore** does an excellent job keeping these eccentric arrangements subtle. And make no mistake, there are some wonderfully odd sounds going on here—like **Tom Waits** with a little more verisimilitude, Tim Rutili and his ragtag band of minions weave tape looping, a reverb tank, steel drums, Cajun accordion, "duck tape thumb piano", electronics, "whispers through amp," and a whole lot shed full of rusty, bang-on-a-can percussion into achingly beautiful desert rock. This band has a range, too: "One" is an atmospheric soundscape that blends seamlessly into "horoscopic amputa-

tion honey", a drawn-out country tune that unfolds blissfully into anthemic gospel. "Your Golden Ass" is the album's most immediately appealing track, a broken-down, overdriven garage rocker that tumbles drunkenly through feedback-scarred guitar and with galloping rhythms and Tim Rutili's insistent growling. The twin sisters of "Michigan Girls" and "When Leon Spinix Moved To Town" are the sweetest gems, though—subtle, gorgeous strummers that stick in your head for days on end. This is the kind of album that is absolutely indispensable for long drives, late at night when the stars are out and everyone else in the car has fallen asleep. **Califone** will keep you company when the moon is out and the endless yellow lines are making you yawn, even if you aren't live anywhere near a desert.

Saelan

ELFANT Gallery Girl (Kosmo)

I can't help but feel sorry for slightly second-rate bands. All the time, sweat, tears, and money put into it (check out the band's website at www.elfantweb.com; it's quite nice), and in the end, you get mediocre songs that maybe the local college station will play and indie magazines will plug.

Well, there's not much to talk about here. Three songs and they're not all that different from one another. **Elfant** is a three-piece out of New York, after all, and it's their coming-of-age New York background—lyrics passing for emo + guitar = hit, right?

The exception to my crap impression was "Bokkie", which would be good if it didn't sound like something influenced by **Hot Hot Heat**. The keyboard and slightly high-pitched vocals (Diago Garcia) at the beginning of the song were enough to make my hand automatically itch for the button that would make it stop, but the guitar made me hesitate. Actually, the guitar was the one element in all the songs that makes **Elfant** the kind of band that you would tolerate on the radio without switching to another station. The vocals and lyrics are sometimes enough to make your change you mind about your station.

If you listen to it enough, you may grow to like it. But it's just not worth the money. Maybe the full-length will be better.

Parmida Zarinkamar

EL GAUPO Fake French (Dischord)

It looks like Dischord dropped the ball on this one. Yet another arty post-punk band wielding tiny hi-hats and vintage keyboards has descended to compete for our attention. The twist? Instead of focusing on the moving the walls down the floor rhythms, this trio make off-kilter vocal interplay the central element of their music. Their two singers trade off and harmonize on rhym-son chants while the single sec-

tionists hovering in stasis and repetitive keyboard patterns attempt to hypnotize. It's an interesting approach, and it might even have worked if a) the lyrics they chant weren't inane nonsense and, b) the music itself was in any way more than the least interesting of the lot. After a couple of listens, I was convinced that this must be a debut album, and that this band probably has a lot of potential if they can expand their sound—and then I learned that they've been playing as **El Guapo** since '96 and this is their fourth album (their second for Dischord). That this is the case, even if it doesn't live up to the lot doesn't bode well for future releases.

Saelan

BOB HOLROYD Within Within (Sixdegreesrecords)

This is **Holroyd's** second full-length release for Six Degrees Records. Much in the same vein as his debut, *A Different Place*, the music is a collection of deep African tribal rhythms, Latin carnival work-outs, languid beats, and meditative ambiences. The main difference is the inclusion of a cover track: **Peter Gabriel's Games Without Frontiers**. The rather conservative remake could be viewed as an homage to Gabriel's innovations in combining various world rhythms with contemporary production techniques and values (i.e., Real World music label). Otherwise there are no "real" surprises here. Like much electronics being released these days, it makes for good background music. Can you say "Latter"?

DJ Satyricon

DAMIAN JURADO Where Shall You Take Me? (Secretly Canadian)

After **Damian Jurado's** heavier release with **Gathered In Song**, he returns to his **Secretly Canadian** label to release a more intimate recording. Once saw Jurado playing solo acoustic live in Seattle, and there is something strangely disarming about his simple performances. There is nothing particularly surprising about the album's technical display, but its impact comes from the way Jurado's songs stir you. Listening to this album is like running through an old photo album you discovered in your attic. There's something nostalgic about it, but it avoids sentimentality.

There's an interesting blend here, from straight folk to gospel-influenced harmonies to one rocking number evocative of his previous *I Break Chairs* album. One reviewer commented how he did not appreciate Jurado's occasional slide-in country—such as the use of "canyon-like reverb" on some songs—but I think the effects he uses place a unique sonic signature upon his songs; otherwise, they would end up sounding like any other heart-

breaker folk song. Like many good albums, this recording unfolds like a story, attracting you to its narrative and making you genuinely care about the characters described within.

Samuel Kim

MOLDY PEACHES

Electric Version Cuts and Live Jamz (1994-2002)

(Rough Trade)
This 2 CD, 55-track collection of rarities, covers, previously unreleased tracks, and live versions is not the album to buy for an introduction to the fabulously naughty, lo-fi, NY, "anti-folksters," **The Moldy Peaches**. This is for those of us who crave home-recorded music that is made for fun and those who will digest anything that spews from **Adam Green** or **Kimya Dawson**. This is for those of us who are disappointed that the Peaches have no current plans to tour or even make music together again. This is for those of us who love the clashing and crude lyrical duets of "Steak for Chicken" and love the phone-ring-sounding "Nothing Came Out." (This album's version of the latter is the original recording, which features a faint phone ring in the background, making me wonder if their latest album's version was a reenactment.)

This album offers two **Adam Green** songs sung with the addition of **Kimya**. It offers plenty of covers—though most of them pretty rough-sounding—ranging from "I Wanna Be a Hulkamaniac" to "Two Princes." It offers a shakily-sounding **Kimya** on the original recording of "Lucky Charms"—so much so that the vocalists eventually crackle! It also contains the horribly polished up "Lucky #9" version that was used for their video.

If you haven't heard "Rainbows," a song previously only available on the "Country Fair/Rainbows" single, you must! And if you are not thoroughly amazed and charmed by the blunt and foul-mouthed brilliance of the Peaches on this incredible track, this is definitely not the album for you.

Natalie Vermeer

THE MUSIC

s/t

(Capitol)

I'm usually wary of hype like "the most important band since **Oasis**" (Oasis was important?) "heroic guitars," whatever that's supposed to mean. But in the case of **The Music**, the latest hyped-up British band, they seem to be pretty damn good—in spite of both the hype from their label and their pretentious name. And it turns out they really do sound like a cross between **Led Zeppelin** and **Oasis**, with some ambient flavour tossed in liberally, the better to blend well with their current tourmates, **Coldplay**.

Usually bands put their best songs at or near the start of the CD. The Music however, must do things their own way, and therefore the CD gets better and better as it progresses, which is to say the single, "Take The Long Road And Walk It" is nowhere near the best track on this CD. That honour would be

a tie between "Getaway" and "The Truth Is No Words"—both of which appear to have already been released as singles in the UK, so maybe we'll get some relief from "Take The Long Road And Walk It" on our own radios soon.

My only quibble with **The Music** is that the band is pretty loud and muddy, and at times so dense that nothing is intelligible from the whole. Maybe that's part of a new trend or something.

Vampyra Dracula

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS

Electric Version (Mint)

When I was 19 years old, I attended a **Smugglers** concert at the Starfish Room. Carl Newman was standing in front of me that night, hedonistically dancing up a storm and kicking me in the shins with shocking precision. It was on this night that I determined that Newman was, indeed, worthy of a place on my long list of arch-nemeses, and it became clear that I would have to live with this music with all the bile in my heart until the day I died.

I am so bad at this arch-nemesis thing, though. Sure, Carl Newman left me sporting big ugly bruises (I know, I know, I could have moved), and my early rage helped me to spread the anti-love where **Zumpano** was concerned. But then along came **The New Pornographers**, and my venom lost its sting. Who cared if Carl Newman was a big, kinky jerk? Nobody—he made good music with **Neko Case** and **Dan Destroyer**. He won Junos! Had nothing to do with the bad voice I discovered that I really enjoyed in the music. Goddamn.

And so, lovers of Canadian pop music, you may all breathe a sigh of contentment and relief. The wait is over, and the new **New Pornographers** album, **Electric Version**, is as good as the last, if not better. Neko's still kickin' it in country-style, and Dan's still along for the recorded ride. And Carl? Well, he just won't go away, will he?

We may be in for another Juno, or some international recognition, thanks to this catchy mid-90s hit. I'd puke if it came, but I'm too busy enjoying it. I will, however, continue to steer clear of all live performances (and there's one coming up soon—check our listings!)—and my venom loss is putting these sweet shins through that horrid torture again.

Julie C.

THE PLAIN WHITE T'S

Stop

(Fearless)

Blah. Some people would say this is a gem of an album. Some people would describe how the lead singer's voice is so perfectly piercing yet sweet at the same time—and how the lyrics are so honest and raw. Some people would listen to this album over and over and over and relate every little story it contains to their own lives. Maybe some would even just hear it for what it is—polished, produced, power pop about the fear of losing one's girlfriend.

Perhaps I'm not enough in

touch with that side of myself, but I have to be honest: It's albums like this that scare me away from that "crazy 'emo' label. I believe it is possible to find a good balance of raw lyrical honesty as well as musicality, as groups such as **Pedro the Lion** have demonstrated. Or maybe it's just that I'm too much of a sucker for subtlety, play of words, interesting musical innovation, and challenge in my music. Perhaps there's a time and a place for everything. Stop, though, shows no sign of musical ingenuity or originality or even spunk. It sounds like they want to sound like **Jimmy Eat World**, and they get pretty close. On its behalf this album will no doubt make some people very happy, which makes part of me very happy as well. Meanwhile, however, I don't think I'll ever be able to keep a straight face with lyrics such as "What if nobody likes me?/Will I be less smart?/No!." This one's for the dust.

Soren Brothers

THE SALTEENS

Let Go of Your Bad Days (Boomp)

With their second full-length, local kids **The Salteens** remind us that first impressions can be deceiving. Their rock instrumentation is bouncy as a beach ball, and even the lead steel on track four sounds cheerful. But under the sweet harmonies and catchy pop lurks some serious angst. If Scott Walker is letting go of his bad days, he's doing it through lyrical catharsis. Managing to be direct and vague at the same time, Walker articulates his feelings in a clear but unpoetic way. After a few listens, it starts to sound like a therapy session among frustrated friends: "If I'm honest to a fault it's nothing more than a way to get to you." The only time the music matches the mood of the lyrics is in the last track, "Home Again," where bittersweet strings and the plaintive vocals of now-departed bassist Megan Bradfield prove that **The Salteens** can do maudlin as well as they do happy. Lyrics aside, this album will get you moving on slow days, especially the should-be single "Summer's Gone." And anyway, The Salteens know how you should listen to this stuff: "It's not the words that they will heed/It's just the thoughts you get from sound."

Kat Siddle

SAM SHALABI

Osama

(Alien8 Recordings)

Listening to **Osama** reminds me of the televised protests in Montreal last year between university students regarding the Palestinian/Israeli conflict. Angry, noisy, chaotic and bled, **Sam Shalabi**'s solo effort continues in the tradition of Montreal's young musicians using sonic force as a means of protesting the new world order. Walter Benjamin is quoted at length in the liner notes ("...here the flame most readily kindled is that of hatred..."), essentially stating the music's confrontational sense of purpose versus any manufactured need of art for consumption. This is not music for some trippy escapism as might be the case in one of Shalabi's other musical projects, **The Shalabi Effect**, nor is it akin to the sweeping sonic grandeur of **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**, more than it is an unearthly howl into the night, raw and brimming with potential violence as the opening track, "The Where/What/Why," clearly demonstrates. *Morn* journal excerpt from final document, this album's rather personal approach, as heard in *Mid-East Tour Diary 2002*, for instance, will most likely appeal more to the like-minded or especially curious listener than those looking for the next hip thing to consume.

Paul Clarke

[This album, unlike his others, sucks major crap—Ad Rep]

THE SKYDIGGERS

Bittersweet Harmony

(MapleMusic Recordings)

I only chose to review this album because **Hawkeye Workman** plays on and produces three of the tracks. I think this flippant decision may have made a **skydiggers** fan of me, if I could only learn to love Andy Maize's voice. The instrumentation is interesting and complex, with songs blending into each other and lots of little melodies that surface, only to quickly disappear under the main guitar lines. The best songs make me think that you could probably listen to this album a couple of times over and not get bored (and not just because you're straining to hear Hawkeye on back-up). The lyrics aren't bad, either. To put it simply, this album makes me wish I liked Maize's voice.

Kat Siddle

THE TELEPATHIC

BUTTERFLIES

s/t

(Rainbow Quartz)
In just about every biography I read about this Winnipeg band, one of the first things mentioned is the fact that the name of the band is "borrowed" from Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions*. Surely, I thought, this band must have a better selling point than this. Fortunately for me and my ears, they did.

Safely lodged in the ever-popular "pop-rock" category, **The Telepathic Butterflies** is just about their first self-titled album in their first full length CD. In 2001, they released *Nine Songs*, and when they signed to American label **Rainbow Quartz**, *Nine Songs* was repackaged and four more songs were added. This album is what resulted. All of the songs are set against a typical electric guitar, bass, and drums background with the occasional appearance of the cello, like on the cool little cover of Donovan's "Epitaph to Wiggly," though the music is not wildly imaginative or unique, this album is insanely catchy and this is evident on the first listen. "Radio Darlings" is aptly named, since it's appealing enough to be played on just about every pop music radio station in the country—while songs such as "Flowerbed" and "House of Smiles/It's All You've Ever Known" are just melancholy enough for a miserable bastard like myself.

Rejean Ricard's vocals are pleasant to listen to and it's obvious he can sing—which is more than many local vocalists can say for themselves. Ricard's vocals complement the melodic and upbeat tunes that he writes. Not to be outdone, Eric van Buren plays some rather stirring bass lines—like on "Serendipity"—and even though he doesn't look like it in the lyrics booklet, Jake Dubois is a pretty good drummer. These guys are touring North America in May and they say they're ready to conquer the pop world. So why not help them by buying their record? What's the worst that could happen? Well, you would end up with a CD of (yes) catchy and well-crafted pop songs. I say that's not bad at all.

Wilson Wong

SUGAR REFLECTIONS

the may 02

1. Bossanova with the Burrettes plus one
2. Barbra Steps of Emily Man
3. Karl Blau, Run duce Run, Pinkie Horcauz
4. Anema
5. That Kelly Boy cd release
6. Cunt presents Gold Friends
7. Parallelhustlesdays
8. Doppler Effect
9. A/V Lodge
10. Kingsway, Mad Dash
11. Clay George of Carolyn Mark
12. Zee Gerbil and Shane Ewan artwork
13. Cunt presents Gold Friends
14. Parallelhustlesdays
15. Human Hi Life Reel
16. Windows in Time
17. Fryback presents.....
18. Anthon Banks of America
19. Collapsing Lung
20. Cunt presents Gold Friends
21. Parallelhustlesdays
22. Bitty Goats Gruff
23. Divisions
24. 7-9 Melina Little Peter Norman
25. Rodinam
26. Backtrack
27. Tiny Kings
28. Great Lake Swimmers
29. Bruno Hubert
30. Cunt presents Gold Friends
31. Parallelhustlesdays
32. King Joplin Jazz
33. R. Balin
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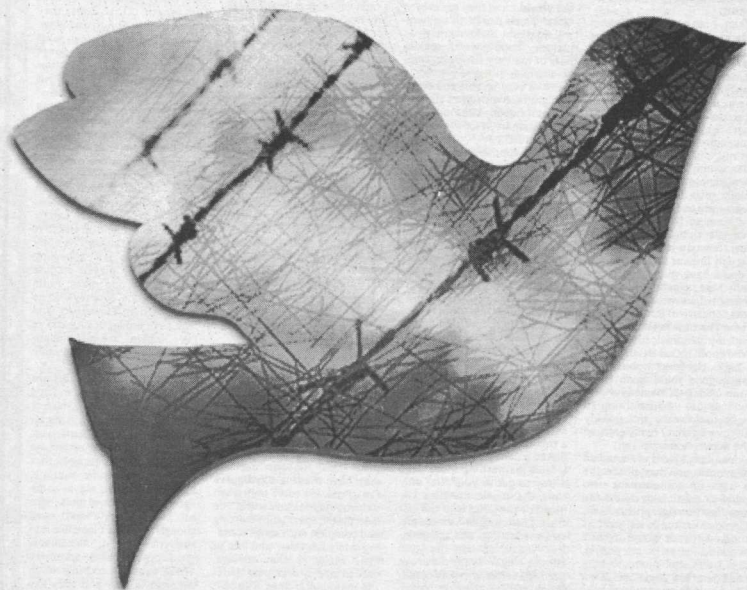
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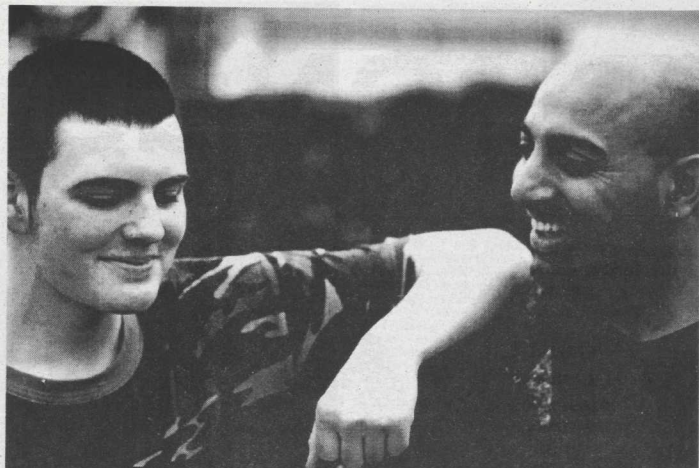
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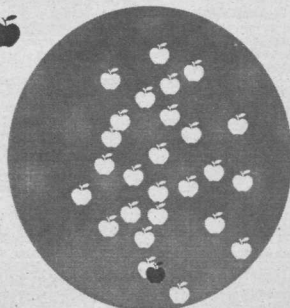
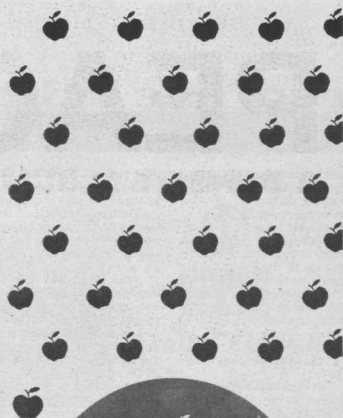
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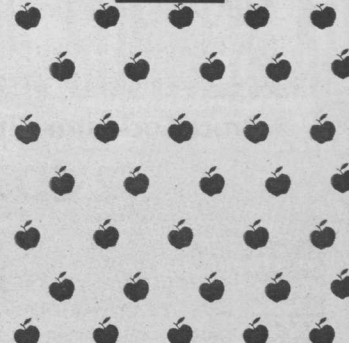


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31 DISORDER

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THE SALTEENS THE YOKO CASINOS THE R*A*D*I*O

Saturday, March 22

The Royal
The R*A*D*I*O would be so much stronger as a duo. No offense to the band, but the ROCK is holding back some amazing songs. The two vocalists have a special energy that must roam around in uncharted waters, kissing dolphins and collecting kelp.

The Yoko Casinos + Tom Hanks.

If only **The Salteens** had starred in the '90s TV show "California Dreaming"... I loved that show even though the music sucked. "Nice Day" could be the theme song and we could put each member into the common archetypes. After the first few chords, **The Royal** melted away to a beach side stage with palm trees and a sweet smelling wind. They asked me to touch people, did kicks, had special guests, and a lucky fan got a free turtle. Letting go of my bad days? Yup!

Capitan Tony

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS

THE D4

IKARA COLT

THE WASHDOWN

Sunday, March 23

Richard's On Richards

Strolling in to this show at the early hour of 9 PM, I quickly learned that the band I was seeing on stage was not **The Washdown**, but rather art school punk rockers **Ikara Colt**, whose lead singer bore a stunning resemblance to **Mudhoney's** Mark Arm with a thick English accent. Sounding grittier live than on record (most likely due to a bass-heavy

mix), they did play a selection of songs from their debut, *Chat and Business*, and ended each song with polite thank-yous and even tried to incite some dancing early on, which was met by some amateur pop-lockers taking up the task.

Who would have thought that the tiny island country of New Zealand would have created the motley crew of garage rockers next up on the Richard's stage. It took a little work, but **The D4** had won over the crowd by the end through the antics of their lead guitarist, whose strut and swagger across, on, and off said stage nearly earned him a broken neck at set's end. Where fellow countrymen **The Datsuns** love their **Led Zeppelin** and extended guitar solos, **The D4** just want to party, get loose and find themselves an action woman (and yes, that's my clever way of telling you they played songs from their album, *67wenty*, as well as an awesome cover of the sixties nugget from **The Litter**).

So as not to repeat the almost fatal fall taken by the aforementioned D4 guitarist, Swedish sweethearts **Sahara Hotnights** stayed grounded, not moving a whole lot, but letting the music do it instead. Their brand of crunchy Ramones-meets-Runaways rock and roll kept the heads bobbing and the feet tapping through their extensive workout of cuts from their most recent domestic release, *Jennie Bomb*. I was stoked they backed through "Can the Can" again (a Suzi Quatro cover) after hearing it the first time they did Vancouver they nearly blew the roof off **The Pic**, so the rafters were definitely shakin' after

tonight. Drummer Josephine is one of the best drummers I've had the pleasure of watching in awhile, as she has this swinging style to her playing that keeps your attention while she pounds down. And not like the rest of 'em are slouches, neither. As most of the guys and gals in the audience ate up the latest offering of overseas rock, it was truly an internationally-flavoured affair.

Bryce Dunn

BRIGHT EYES

ARAP STRAP

DAVID BAZAN (OF PEDRO THE LION)

Friday, April 4

The Commodore Ballroom

You wouldn't expect a triple bill of contemplative and emotive performers would attract a bunch of drunken yahoos and hostile vibes, yet the Commodore was full of them; from the incessant screams and catcalls throughout ("Hey, Conor, you're a stud!", "Are you **Pedro the Lion**?", and, of course, "Play **Freebird**!") to the talkative girls near me who elicited a sharp admonition from a guy nearby, many in the audience had things on their minds other than what was happening onstage. Fortunately, Conor Oberst (a.k.a. Bright Eyes) wasn't about to let anything detract from his dynamic and varied performance.

With only a six-piece band backing him (as opposed to the 14-piece symphony he had at Richard's last October), Oberst had a greater personal responsibility to hold the attention of the crowd. The lack of a large backing band also forced Oberst to eschew the largely multi-instrumental material from

his most recent album, *Lifted*, in favour of older songs that put the focus on him and his lyrical talents. Fortunately, his jet-black hair, hangdog expression, and tortured demeanor perfectly embodied all his emotional songs, making him a powerful on-stage presence (one girl even crawled up on stage to get a better look). Oberst further commanded the crowd's attention with his vocal mannerisms; the audience would become comfortable with Oberst mumbling of his pain and agony only to be startled when he suddenly howled his various lyrical frustrations and hurts. Oberst's continual drowning of his sorrows with deep swigs of red wine only brought more passion and fire to an already compelling performance.

The opening acts, however, experienced varying levels of success. Scottish duo **Arap Strap** performed a set of well-constructed, elegiac, and intermittently beautiful songs. Unfortunately, the sameness of many of their songs and singer Aidan Moffat's thick and nearly incomprehensible Scottish brogue prevented the band from connecting with the audience. That, and the band's lack of movement gave the crowd nothing to look at (other than the pretty violinist and cellist supporting the band...). Opener David Bazan's maudlin and dreary solo acoustic set fared even less well; it's never a good thing when a performer is in danger of being overwhelmed by the chatter of the audience.

Neil Braun

IDLEWILD

Wednesday, April 9

Richard's On Richards

Okay, I admit it. On the last day of classes, I spent a couple of hours taking in the spectacle of Can-Rock mediocrity known as Arts "Crappy" County Fair. I arrived just in time to see **1 Mother Earth** take the stage (I kept yelling "Edwin Rules!" but I don't think they heard me) and stayed until partway through **Treble Charger's** set (I then started yelling, "Happy 40th birthday Greig Nori!" but I don't think he heard me, either). Rather than stay for **54-40** (here's a career idea, guys: start covering **Hootie & the Blowfish** songs), I headed downtown to Richard's to see authentic Scottish firebrands **Idlewild** attempt to conquer North America, or at least Vancouver.

Despite the high-sheen production gloss on their new album, *The Remote Part*, the band made it clear from the start that this was going to be a loud, fast-tempo rock show. The sloppy punk of **You Just Have To Be Who You Are** led straight into the fist-pumping "I Am What I Am Not" that then gave way to the thunderous "Little Discourage." The five-piece band never let up at any point during the show; in particular, Colin Newton's forceful, insistent drumming and Rod Jones' piercing guitar (and bouncy stage maneuvering), hit the appreciative crowd with gale-force impact. There were even some guys in the crowd



Fischerspooner, Commodore Ballroom.

Photo By Gaelen Marsden

behind me moshing like it was 1993! Singer Roddy Woomble did it all he could to match his superb bandmate's intensity. In between careening to-and-fro across the stage, he did an excellent job crooning mid-tempo ballads like "American English" and "Tell Me 10 Words."

However, Woomble appeared to become fatigued as the set progressed, as he was unable to summon forth the necessary power to elevate the mid-set anthems like "These Wooden Ideas." Fortunately, Woomble used his remarkable crooning to carry himself for a few songs until he had recovered. The only truly unfortunate part of the show was the utter lack of people who showed up. I haven't seen Richard's this empty in over two years. Hopefully it wasn't because people decided to go to 54-40 instead. I have to think anyone would choose hearing "Baby Ran" for the umpteenth time over a young, intense, hungry band blessed with loads of passion and talent to match.

Neil Braun

THE AISLER'S SET

HELLA

THE THAILLS

Friday, April 11

Graceland (Seattle)

As always, the trip into the Evil Empire was fraught with both delight and dread: our eagerness for snack foods unavailable in our own nation (Squeeze Cheese, Double-Stuf Oreos, etc.) against our fear of the general populace. Flag-waving patriots dominated several freeway overpasses, their banners exhorting drivers to "Honk to Support Our Troops." We would have liked to make a stand for

peace by flipping them the bird, but were unable to do so, our hands entirely occupied in conveying barbecue chips from the bag to our mouths. Our tenuous ideological stance heightened an already over-excited mood: after all, we were on our way to see Sacramento post-rock duo **Hella**.

In the weeks leading up to the show, several publications had sympathized with the plight of groups sharing the bill with **Hella**. **The Qualls** mentioned this before they began, appearing to understand that many in the audience were marking time before the second act. Nonetheless, we were impressed by **The Qualls'** distortion-heavy, vocal-driven, New Wave style. While the energy was not what we remembered from last July's show at the **Pic** (sandwiched between **The Organ** and **Bratmobile**—what a night!), they still rocked the house, sounding like a modern American version of '80s British feminist punk act **Au Pair**.

The stage darkened and the mood intensified when **Hella** took over. The two scruffy young men shuffled awkwardly onstage, launching into their set without a word. Watching the duo presented us with a conundrum: how to best express our extreme enjoyment? A few abortive attempts revealed that dancing wouldn't work. The constant tempo changes and discordant melodies didn't allow for the fluid motions of our signature groovy dance styles. Even traditional indie-style rockin' was difficult with **Hella's** music (unless, perhaps, we had been prone to seizures). Eventually, we opted to stand and stare, our mouths agape

OUT NOW: maplewood lane // selftitled

This is swooning music for the big hearted, a soundtrack for watching the streetlights go on at dusk. zulu

jonathan inc. // halfway to a better place

Halfway to a Better Place drifts along like fine mist on an autumn lake. splendid ezine

dawntreader // thoughts of an exile

One of the most intriguing local debuts in recent memory... a fine balance between moodiness and bliss. the georgia straight

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in sheer awe. Hill's skill, while incredible enough on record, was mind-blowing live. We had imagined that he played two kick drums, pounding them as if he were doing drum rolls with his feet. But live, we realized that he was actually playing with his right foot alone—that is, his right *blair*—we never actually saw a foot. Seim easily matched Hill's power with frenzied clusters of notes from disparate registers of the guitar, creating a sonic assault that was disorienting, disconcerting, and utterly mind-blowing.

The Aisler's set topped the night off. This San Francisco group are one of the current darlings of the international indie-pop scene—among other honours having recently earned a touring position with **Magnetic Fields** and the praise of **Belle and Sebastian's** Stuart Murdoch. However, after seeing Hella, nothing else could hold our attention. We left after their first song. The journey back was dark and long, but we weathered it with heightened perception. After seeing Hella, we knew we would never be the same again.

Susy Webb and Sam Kenney

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

THE SPITS
THE BRONX

Sunday, April 13

Commodore Ballroom

The Bronx had the unenviable task of hitting the stage first in a still somewhat cavernous-feeling Commodore, but impressed those of us brave enough to venture to the front with some brash and loud rock and roll much like **The Tight Bros** from **Way Back When** or L.A. brethren **The B-Movie Rats**. In a smaller venue I think these guys would tear it up even more—and upon talking to them after the gig they will return before the year is out, so keep an eye and ear out for The Bronx.

The same can be said for **The Spits'** inaugural visit north of the border. I've seen these shit-disturbing, crime-influenced punks before and they are much better in close quarters where lighting fireworks and spraying the audience with unidentified liquids has a more lasting impression. And,

although seeing the keyboardist in a bondage mask with the words "EAT FUCK" smeared on his chest has its own lasting impression. The Spits gave the crowd just a taste of what they're capable of: here's hoping they come back to wreak some havoc again in the future.

Which brings us to the main attraction and what would prove to be yet another stellar performance from San Diego's finest. For those uninitiated to the sounds of **Speed's Army**, what can I say except "Where have you been, people?" Tonight's show was what we needed to cut loose, get down and knock ourselves out. Armed with new songs (from *Live From Camp X-Ray*) like show opener "I'm Not Invisible," "Get Down," "Bucket Of Piss," and "Outside," there was ample dancin' to be done. Past albums were also revisited, like with the trio of tunes from *State Of The Art Is On Fire*, "Hotwired" and "If The Bird Could Fly" from *Carefully And Play* twelve inch, as well as other assorted goodies that kept the crowd on their feet the entire night. The highlight came toward the end when Rocket out-froze **The Hives** during "When In Rome," (show-goers may remember the last visit by the Swedish heartthrobs being punctuated by a motionless intermission during the song "Main Offender"), but will this now spark debate among hipsters everywhere as to who started it first, and will the Freeze battle continue until there is no actual show, and just the band members standing stiff on stage? Ah, the possibilities. All I know is, if you stood motionless during this show, you need to listen to more **Rocket From The Crypt** and embrace the good times.

Bryce Dunn

FISCHERSPOONER

Tuesday, April 22

Commodore Ballroom

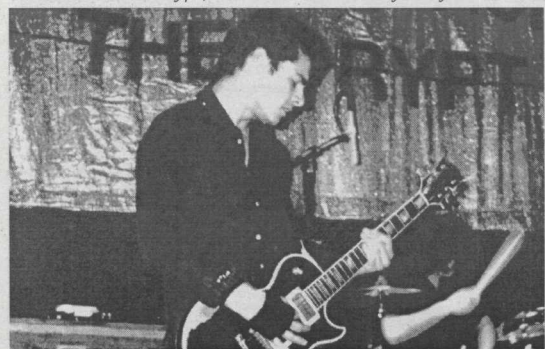
So no, I haven't watched the DVD nor seen all the **Fischerspooner** videos. What I do know is that Fischerspooner, like the rest of the so-called neo-electro movement, have finally become popular in Vancouver. Yeah, local DJs have been jockin' the electro vibe for a little while, but

we have reached electro-apex in old Vancity. Once acts like **Ladytron** and **Fischerspooner** plan a North American tour after years of hype in the UK, Europe, and the "Excited" States, then we know this is the end. The duo known as Fischerspooner straddles both sides of this so-called "electro" movement. Musically, the two make very dancefloor friendly electro-pop that has garnered underground cred releasing on the German International Deejay Gigolos label way back in 2001. Their album is mentioned alongside classic neo-electro releases (classic and neo? That just seems wrong for some reason) as **Ms. Kitten and Hacker's** first album and anything by **DJ Hell**. The Spooners also reside in the ever-vapid image side of electro like the manufactured crapfest **W.I.T.** and any other last minute bandwagons.

The show that Warren Fischer, Casey Spooner, and their eight dancers put on at the Commodore definitely approximated the later, more disposable electro. Casey Spooner danced around and acted oh-so New York artsy while his Cobaret-inspired dancers filled the Vegas comes to Vancouver element. Each song had its own '80s-inspired choreography and just fabulous costume changes. The show was basically a bunch of overly costumed artists performing a lip-sync to their album complete with playback problems (perhaps this was also choreographed?) and tantrum of Casey's regarding an audience member. Maybe I'm not artsy enough or just don't find the obvious tongue in cheek take on supposedly excessive live cheese that funny, but Fischerspooner's pop culture art performance was wank and nothing else. Watching Casey take off his shirt and scream into a fan reminded me of that TOKi getting blown away by the sound of his stereo—not the cool rock aesthetic it was supposed to be. The album was played, the spectacle of the band wasn't spectacular enough, and I no longer dance to Fischerspooner by myself in my apartment.

Robert Robert

Rocket From The Crypt, Commodore. Photo by Mary Hosick



Friday, May 16th

Spring 2003 Food 4 Music Rockfest

An Event by Varin & BigLocalBands.ca Benefiting The Greater Vancouver Food Bank Society

At the door - \$10 or \$6 with 2 non-perishable food items

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Door prizes from Bomshell Sk8 Shop, Westbeach and Vancouver Rock Shop

50/50 raffle draw for CASH

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DISCORDER

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Event details subject to change.

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THE DUKES

The Dukes take the songs that earned them comparisons to Modest Mouse and Flaming Lips to a fever pitch in their legendary live show.

THE NECKERS

The Neckers' rock n' roll has elicited comparisons to The Modern Lovers, Elvis Costello and The Kinks, and is more infectious than the clap.

The acidic melodies and driving rhythms of The Summerlad prompted Stylus to call them "Barbed-wire art rock". We have no idea what that means.

THURSDAY, MAY 22ND

THE MARINE CLUB

573 HOMER (AT DUNSMUIR)

33 DISCORDER

The Leprechaun Colony

by garethgaudin@hotmail.com



May Show Listings www.themainonmain.com

Thursday 1st... Kim Barlow (Whitehorse) and Friends

Friday 2nd... The Golden Wedding Band (20's, 30's Hokum Jazz)

Saturday 3rd... Auburn... (Shelly Campbell with her band)

Thursday 8th... Craig Jacks and The Jackalopes

Friday 9th... The Clay George Band with Carolyn Mark

Saturday 10th... Jack Harlan Band and guests tba

Sunday 11th...Edmonton's The Painting Daisies

Wednesday 14th... Red Cat Records Night with Eldorado

Thursday 15th...Roger Dean Young and Kent Mcalister

Friday 16th...Bluegrass Sensations... Slowdrag

Saturday 17th...Amy Honey and Harry's Birthday Bash (drink)

Thursday 22nd-Saturday 24th... New Music West ..3 band bills TBA

Thursday 29th...The Sugar Gliders with Lil' Tea

Friday 30th...Kevin House with special guest Dale Darlington

Saturday 31st...Carolyn Mark, Luann Kowalek and Wendy Mcneill

Next month, Nathan, Airhorn Protocol Cd Release& The Burnettes

4210 Main St. Vancouver BC 604 709 8555

Red Cat Records

CD's * Vinyl * T-Shirts * Panties





May Long Vinyl

1 New Porn'o's	Electric Version	Mint.
2 The Dears	No Cities Left	Maple Music
3 Set Fire To Flames	Telegraphs In Negative	Alien8
4 JWAB	Pyrokinesis	Scratch
5 White Stripes	Elephant	V2
6 Adult	Anxiety Always	Ersatz Audio
7 Stinkmitt	Smell The Mitt	Independent
8 Monade	Socialisme...	Duophonic
9 Flaming Lips	Fight Test (EP)	Warner
10 Mouse On Mars	Glam	Thrill Jockey
11 Cat Power	You Are Free	Matador
12 Wetspots	Ribbed For Pleasure	Womynsware
13 Whirlwind Heat	Do Rabbits Wonder?	V2
14 Sam Shalabi	Osama	Alien8
15 Red Snapper	s/t	lo
16 Skinjobs	Burn Your Rainbow	Agitprop
17 The User	Symphony #2	Asphodel
18 Tim Hecker	Radio Amor	Mille Plateaux
19 Andrew Duke	Highest Common...	Independent
20 Manitoba	Up In Flames	Domino
21 Salteens	Let Go...	No Records
22 Pseudos	Last Songs...	Matiblack
23 NOIA	Unreleased Classics	Ersatz Audio
24 Sons Of Hercules	Go Fast	Independent
25 Spiritualized	The Complete Works	Arista
26 Buzzcocks	s/t	Merge
27 Daniel Johnston	Fear Yourself	Gammon
28 v/a	Dirtnap Sampler	Dirtnap
29 Gossip	Movement	Kill Rock Stars
30 Beans	Inner Cosmosis	Foreverbad
31 Datsuns	s/t	V2
32 Xerophonics	Copying Machine Music	Seeland
33 Postal Service	Give Up	Sub Pop
34 Smog	Supper	Drag City
35 Aphex Twin	26 Mixes For Cash	Warp

May Short Vinyl

1 Maximum R 'n' R	Switchblade	Independent
2 Birthday Machine	Direction...	Top Quality R'n'R
3 Gentlemen Of Horror	5 Song 45	Independent
4 New Town Animals	Fashion Fallout	Dirtnap
5 Veal	I Hate Your Lipstick	Six Shooter
6 Frog Eyes/JWAB	split	Global Symphonic
7 The Agenda	Are You Nervous?	Kindercore
8 Lupine Howl	Don't Lose...	Vinyl Hiss
9 World Burns To Death	Human Meat...	Prank
10 Armatron	s/t	GSL
11 Artimus Pyle	s/t	Prank
12 Semiautomatic	Remixed by...	GSL
13 The Spitfires	Juke Box High	Glazed
14 Service Group	Manufo	Squid vs. Whale
15 Dear Nora/MOS	split	Polyvinyl
16 Flying Dutchmen	Live @ Devil's Club	Boom Boom
17 Dexter's Lab.	Hip Hop Exp.	Rhino
18 Papa M	Orange World	Tiger Style
19 The Zombie IV	s/t	GSL
20 Mirah	Small Scale	k

May Indie Home Jobs

1 The Department	Propane
2 Me	But Only If You Listen
3 Antique City	Piecemeal
4 William Hardman	Cherry Pie
5 Ashley Schram	Urban Rain
6 Snow Goats	The Dressmakers
7 Skeleton	Like You
8 Carla Klassen	Here I Am
9 Threedots	Untitled
10 The Feminists	Sad Echo Wailed
11 Illa Brown and Kut Korners	Wantin' Respect
12 The Blacklist	Untitled
13 Magical Glass Tears	These Autumn Leaves
14 Basement Sweets	In Tomato Town
15 Psilocybinide	Capsized
16 Shinen	Excess
17 Shiftfaced	Live Untitled
18 George Case Exp.	Yellow, Yellow...
19 Do It For Johnny	Zero Spin
20 The Sore Throats	Need It, Got It...

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "May" charts reflect airplay over April). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

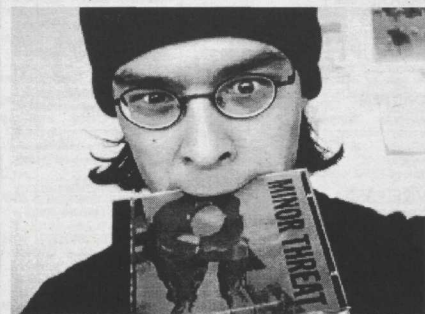
DiSCORDER IS LOOKING FOR A NEW OVERLORD... ER, EDITOR

Here are the things that you will have to do: organize and schedule reviews, schmooze with label reps, facilitate CD and gig reviews, proof and edit submissions, plan the layout, coordinate volunteers, work (read: "not kill") with other staff, participate in long-term planning of the magazine, deal with and reply to correspondence (letters, faxes, email), harass the contributors (yes, sadly you must), help out in every conceivable area (from inception to production), and make sure the magazine comes out (well, who else is gonna do it?).

Still interested? Because, on top of that, you should have: an excellent command of the English language and grammar, good phone/interpersonal skills, some knowledge of computers (the more the better, because we use both PCs and Macs, and do it up with Word, Photoshop, and InDesign), a good knowledge of music (or an expert ability to bluff), an awareness of the music scene in the Lower Mainland, and (perhaps most importantly) lots of free time and patience.

So, what do you get out of this? Well, \$350/issue! Publishing experience! The respect of your peers! The ability to occasionally weasel free beers! PRESTIGE! GLAMOUR! ADVENTURE!

If you're interested, please contact Chris at 604-822-3017, ext. 3 (discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca), or Lydia at 604-822-1242.



on the dial

your guide to CTR 101.9fm

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00PM-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-ver-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TRANSCENDANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic. al-tranceandance@hotmail.com

THE SHOW 12:00AM-2:00AM

ANTELOPE FREEWAY 2:00AM-6:00AM

The Freeway Beckons! Offering new vistas, exotic folk, and old memories. With your host Ian at the wheel! Four hours of aged LP pleasure. Five stars all!

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt.

11:00AM-1:00PM

Local Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

FILL-IN 11:00AM-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minutes with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE 3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBECUE 5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the FBirds.

CRASH THE POSE alt.

6:00PM-7:30PM

Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

SOLARIZATION (on hiatus for summer) alt.

6:00PM-6:30PM

Current affairs with an edge. Kenneth Chan exposes issues that truly matter. None of that mainstream crap. Anybody say contraverts? Email: solarization@radio.fm

MY ASS alt.

6:30PM-7:30PM

Philly, Albin, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta

Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sueing Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

May 5: Drummer/leader and powerhouse jazz influence Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers recorded at the legendary "Keystone Korner" and the only edition of this band with both Marsalis brothers (Wynton and Branford).

May 12: Just discovered and fresh as tomorrow—a swinging edition of the Stan Kenton Orchestra recorded at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1957.

May 19: A neglected period in the illustrious career of tenor saxophone giant Stan Getz, was his working band with value-trabonist/composer Bob Brookmeyer. Amazing musical chemistry, prime Getz and rare stuff make tonight a must!

May 26: Guitarist Grant Green's very first recording session with Miles Davis' rhythm section: Wynton Kelly (piano), Paul Chambers (bass), and Philly Joe Jones (drums). Not issued until

2001. It proved that Green was a major stylist right from the get-go.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00AM-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00AM-6:00AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 [23 West Cordova] on Friday nights.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Bernson.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A hairless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deedlier than the most dangerous criminal!

THE NORTHERN WISH alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

FILL-IN 11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL alt. 12:30PM-

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM	7	8	9	10	11	12PM	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12AM	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Rg																							
	REGGAE LINKUP																							
	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC																							
	ROCKERS SHOW																							
	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE																							
	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING																							
	QUEER FM																							
	RHYTHMSINDIA																							
	TRANSCENDANCE																							
	THE SHOW																							
	ANTELOPE FREEWAY																							

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Fr= french language • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop

Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki= kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Ml= metal • Nw= noise • Nw= Nordicwar • Pw= pop • Pu= punk

Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rs= roots • Sk= ska • Sp= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

1:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN 1:00PM-2:00PM
Where dead samurai can program music.

CAR TRACKING 2:00PM-3:00PM
EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE

ALT. 3:30PM-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30PM-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30PM-5:00PM

10:00 VOICES 5:00PM-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00PM-8:00PM Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo

<http://flexyourhead.vancouverhordcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

cloudevan@hotmail.com

ESCAPISM alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

es*cap*ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy. Host: DJ Satyricon.

DJSatyricon@hotmail.com

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00AM-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@channel88.com>

FOOY'S PARADISE 9:00AM-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

EXQUISITE CORPSE 10:00AM-11:30AM

ANCOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM Like Meat Imitates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00PM-2:00PM

THE DIM SUM SHOW alt. 2:00PM-3:00PM

MOTODADDY alt. 3:00PM-5:00PM Cycle-riffic rawk and roll

RUMBLESTONE RADIO alt. 3:00PM-5:00PM Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00PM-6:30PM Sociopolitical environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

www.necessaryvoices.org

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 6:30PM-8:00PM

[First Wednesday of every month.]

BLUE MONDAY alt. 6:30PM-8:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Corren.

FILL IN 8:00PM-9:00PM

FOLK OASIS 9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, sing-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage!

folkies@canada.com

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 11:00PM-2:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00AM-11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanSHIP.

robotlove@yahoo.com

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00PM-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00PM-3:00PM Comix context. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00PM-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM Viva la Velourian! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

www.bikeassess.org

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00PM-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30PM-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-artified host Gary Olsen. <ripit@5580.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00PM-11:00PM Local muzak from 9:00am. Live bandz from 10:00am-11:00am. <http://www.alepandahall.com/hellradio>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Danyani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

WIRELESS CRUELTY 1:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00AM-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to <djska_@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00PM-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shook and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00PM-3:30PM The best

mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWIAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00PM-6:00PM A volunteer produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00PM-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00PM-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

FILL-IN 12:00AM-2:00AM

THE EMPIRE'S BALL 2:00AM-6:00AM Dancin' music from all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION 12:00PM-1:00PM Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00PM-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rathehead, Dwin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00PM-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00PM-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00PM-9:00PM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00PM-11:00PM

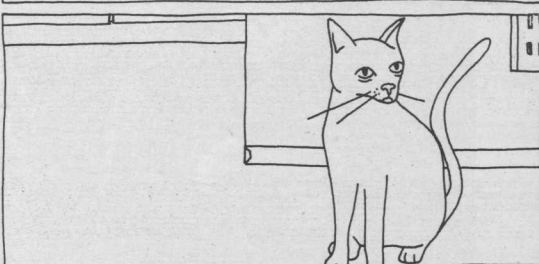
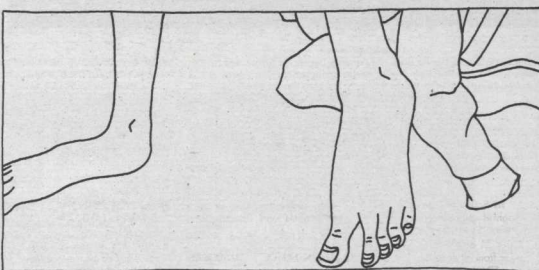
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 11:00PM-1:00AM Cutting edge, progressive organ music with resident Halcio and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then?

<http://plutonia.org>

EARWAX 1:00AM-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30AM-9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria shake. Hosted by Sister B.

Kick around May 2003.
: Scott Malin



LISTEN TO CITR ONLINE AT
WWW.CITR.CA

datebook

what's happening in may

THURSDAY, MAY 1

Punk Rock Bingo@The Astoria: The Panama Deception (presented by Ken Hager)@The Blinding Light; Kim Barlow@The Main; Johnny Marr & The Healers, Palo Alto@Richard's On Richards; Maestro, Vanilla Ice@Royal Hotel; McGillicuddy@The Railway Club

FRI 2

Veda Hille, Sini Anderson, Ivan E. Coyote@The Blinding Light; Excessives, Wednesday Night Heroes, Dirty Needles, The Smeares@The Brickyard; Cuff The Duke, The Sadie@The Brick; Biceps King@The Railway Club; Planet Smashers, Big D and the Kid's Table, Los Furios@Unit 20; Alx Olson@W.I.S.E. Hall

SAT 3

Veda Hille, Kim Barlow, Andy Connors@The Blinding Light; Tim, SideSixtySeven, Against the Graining@The Brickyard; Autopussy, Motormama@The Colbat; Tall Kweil, Triple Threat, Djs, Apollo, DJ Vinroc, Shortkut@The Commodore; Belvedere, Big D And The Kids Table, N) Big Wig, Planet Smashers@Mesa Luna; Chris Elliott, Nicole Matt@The Nelson Cafe; Bad Religion@PNE Forum; Biceps King, Cuff the Duke@The Railway Club; Dirty Three@Sonar; Gladys Patches, Noise Therapy, Cynoptic@Studebakers

SUN 4

Lock Up Your Sons and Daughters (presented by Bill Taylor)@The Blinding Light; Ear Protection Area@The Brickyard; The Scatallies, Dub Freque, DJ George Barrett@The Royal

TUE 6

ECIAD Second Year Video Art and Film@The Blinding Light; Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Amanda@The Pic; Good Soul@Shine

WED 7

Benefit Wednesday@The Astoria Hotel; Peggy Anne Berton's Beat Super 8 Soliloquies@The Blinding Light; The Rebel Spell, Drunk With Guns@The Brickyard; Lucy Kaplansky@Norman Rothstein Theatre; DJ Epine, Sarah Vaing@The Pic; Vernelle DeLotto@The Lotus Sound Lounge

THUR 8

Punk Rock Bingo@The Astoria Hotel; Men and Animals Film Tour 2003@The Blinding Light; Savannah, Sinned@The Brickyard; Lisa Winn, Ladybird Sideshow, Oxx@The Railway Club; Kyoto Jazz Massive@Sonar

FRI 9

Real Live! Women: The Feminist Verite of Kim Longinotto@The Blinding Light; Los Furios, Skatomatics, Hoochie Grrl@The Brickyard; Brian Jonestown Massacre@Pat's Pub; Brundifelle, Mary Anchet@The Railway Club; WDC@The Royal

SAT 10

Real Live! Women: The Feminist Verite of Kim Longinotto, The Day I Will Never Forget@The Blinding Light; Spreadage, Excessives, Gung-Ho, Married To Music@The Brickyard; Little Man Syndrome, Kibwe@Dunbar Community Centre; Veda Hille, Brian Dolis@The Railway Club; Motion Soundtrack, Pepper Sando@The Royal; The Rapture, Hint Hint@Sonar

SUN 11

The Appalling Bleak Films Experiment (presented by Chris Chase)@The Blinding Light; Torseyn, Audiophile, Against The Grain, Edema@The Brickyard; Veda Hille, Christine Fellows, John K. Samson@The Railway Club; Statibed@The Royal; Adult, Mags, Viks@Sonar

TUE 13

BYOB: Bring Your Own Film@The Blinding Light; Wreckin' Crew, Cornucopia, Blackfin, Girth@The Brickyard; Kenny Garrett@The Cellar; Mixophonics@Havana Theatre; Undergo@The Pic; Amanda@The Pic; Good Soul@Shine

WED 14

Benefit Wednesday@The Astoria Hotel; Exploresian 2003 presents: Chinese Cinema Night@The Blinding Light; Chinatown, 80 Proof Yob, Potential Star Witness, Epoxy Ruined@The Brickyard; Freaks Live@The Lotus Sound Lounge; Harry Belafonte, Nana Muskouiri@The Orpheum; DJ Epine, Sarah Vaing@The Pic

THUR 15

Punk Rock Bingo@The Astoria Hotel; The Double Blind Experiment, Speed To Kill, Banner Year, The Lauren Klein Band@The Brickyard; Motion Soundtrack@The Pic; Ana Bon Bon, David P. Smith, Linda McRae@The Railway Club; Gladys Patches@The Royal; Nathan and The Zydeco Cha-Chas@The Yale

FRI 16

Destroy Children presents: Video Killed The Blinding Light; Death By Stereo, Downway, Nicotine, SideSixtySeven@The Brickyard; Jimmy Swift Band@The Green Room; Hot Tin Rod, Boom Chix@Silverstone Tavern

SAT 17

Joel RL Phelps and the Downer Trio, Treasure State, The Beans@ANZA Club; Volatile@The Brickyard; The Levellers, Peter Stuart@Royal Hotel

SUN 18

Claim The World, Mermaid Engine, Obscene Silence, Vaing@The Brickyard; Preuze 73, Rd2@The Commodore

TUE 20

Daniel Johnston@TBA (Don't blame us if it gets cancelled); Jeff Krulik presents: Hitler's Hat@The Blinding Light; Ten Dollar Thompson, Vibrator, Musu, Drl@The Brickyard; Amanda@The Pic; Good Soul@Shine

WED 21

Benefit Wednesday@The Astoria Hotel; Exploresian 2003 presents: Middle East Cinema@The Blinding Light; Agriculture Club, Ridley Bent, Hell City Love, The Farrel Brothers@The Brickyard; Christy McWilson, Richard Thompson@The Commodore; Richard Gilewitz@Tom Lee Music Hall

THUR 22

Punk Rock Bingo@The Astoria Hotel; John Acquaviva@Atlantis; Creative Eccentrics: The June Bug Symphony, A Thing of Wonder@The Blinding Light; Wednesday Night Heroes@The Brickyard; The Candidates@New Music West Conference Hall; Lyle Lovett, John Hiatt, Joe Ely, Guy Clarke@The Orpheum; Bitchin' Camaros, Red Hot Lovers@The Pic; Richard Gilewitz@Tom Lee Music Hall

FRI 23

Creative Eccentrics: The June Bug Symphony, A Thing of Wonder@The Blinding Light; Deville, Filmaker, Time@The Brickyard; Lord Of The Dance Troupe Two@Centre For The Arts; Coldplay, Easley, The Music@GM Place; Bob The Builder@Pacific Theatre; My Morning Jacket, The Detachment Kit@Richard's; bystander@The Starry Dynamo

SAT 24

Criminal Cinema presents: Chickenhawk: Men Who Love Boys@The Blinding Light; The Saltene, Seki Den, Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys@The Brickyard; Hounds of Buskerville, Los Furios, DJ Ska-T@Cambran Hall; Lord Of The Dance Troupe Two@Centre For The Arts; Living Daylights@Fairview Pub; Adam Franklin (Of Swervedriver)@New Music West Conference; Bob The Builder@Pacific Theatre

SUN 25

Criminal Cinema presents: Chickenhawk: Men Who Love Boys@The Blinding Light; Lord Of The Dance Troupe Two@Centre For The Arts; Bob The Builder@Pacific Theatre; Liz Phair, Modest Mouse, Starlight Mints, The Flaming Lips@Plaza of Nations; Covenant, Melonroe@Richard's

TUE 27

Threefingeredfrazz Productions presents: David Mamet's Bobby Gould in Hell@The Blinding Light; Smokin' and Drinkin' on a Tuesday Night@The Brickyard; Good Soul@Shine

WED 28

Benefit Wednesday@The Astoria Hotel; Threefingeredfrazz Productions presents: David Mamet's Bobby Gould in Hell@The Blinding Light; Miada Fronta, Mimetic, Xyn, DJ Noah@The Brickyard; DJ Epine, Sarah Vaing@The Pic

THUR 29

Punk Rock Bingo@The Astoria Hotel; Threefingeredfrazz Productions presents: David Mamet's Bobby Gould in Hell@The Blinding Light; Inebriators, Foul Face@The Brickyard

FRI 30

Threefingeredfrazz Productions presents: David Mamet's Bobby Gould in Hell@The Blinding Light; Bush League, Perfect Strangers@The Brickyard; Pearl Jam, Idlewild@GM Place; Hot Tin Rufus@Stanley Park

**SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE JUNE ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS MAY
21. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE
LISTINGS TO
604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>**

special events

**JOEL RL PHELPS,
TREASURE STATE, THE BEANS
SATURDAY, MAY 17
ANZA CLUB**

If I didn't put this in, Christa Min would, most probably, repeatedly ride her skateboard into my pasty shins while shouting the word "kamikaze!!" over and over, till I was dead.

**FLAMING LIPS, MODEST MOUSE,
LIZ PHAIR, DESTROYER,
THE STARLIGHT MINTS
SUNDAY, MAY 25
PLAZA OF NATIONS**
*A big show in a big place.
Maybe you should go.*

**YOU AND YOUR JOCK FRIENDS
ANYTIME THE CANUCKS
WIN A PLAY-OFF GAME
DOWNTOWN**

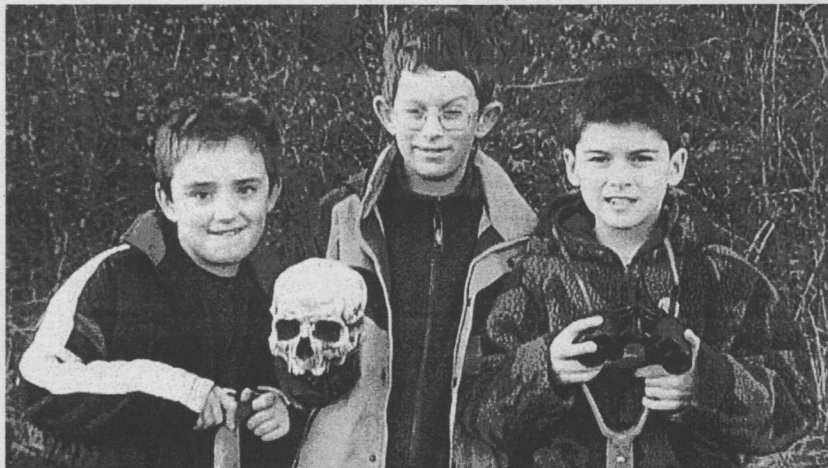
As soon as the final whistle blows, jump into the SUV or Jeep that your rich and stupid parents bought for you and head into the downtown core—don't forget to forget your shirt. As you cruise through the streets, place your hand on the horn of your vehicle and press. Do not stop until sunrise. Wait two days and repeat.

places to be

active pass records	324 w. hasting	604.646.2411
basix records	217 w. hasting	604.689.7734
backstreet records	3-712 robbin	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828
blinding light!	36 powell	604.878.3366
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
club 23	23 west cordova	
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crosstown wine	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
legion of van	300 west pender	
lotus hotel	455 abbott	
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555
ms. t's cabaret	329 west pender	
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050
pacific cinémathèque	1131 howe	604.688.8202
pat's pub	403 east hasting	604.255.4301

pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
royal	1029 granville	
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

Ever wonder what happened to that weirdo who used to do that goth show?



CiTR Reunion May 9th–11th 2003 Live people, cold beer.

Special reunion programming all weekend long, starting on Friday, May 9th at 10:00am. Be sure to tune in to 101.9 fm or listen live online at www.citr.ca

Open house at CiTR Radio Friday, May 9th 1:00pm–4:00pm. Drop by and visit the station, watch some old station videos, and check out our "Give a Loon, Get a Tune" room where you can pick up a CD for a measly \$1. Show your reunion ticket and pick up one of these CDs for free!

Drop by the Railway Club (579 Dunsmuir) 6:00pm–9:00pm Friday, May 9th to meet up with old friends.

Waldorf Bash: Saturday, May 10th 7pm–2am. Bands, DJs, food, bar, and door prizes! Buy your ticket soon at Zulu Records, Scratch, or online at www.citreunion.com. You can also purchase your ticket at CiTR during the open house on Friday, May 9th.

Getting their pictures on milk cartons would take too long, so this ad will have to do. We want your help getting the contact info for Mighty R alumni. Please contact Linda at citrmgr@ams.ubc.ca or 604-822-1242 with your info. Below is a list of some of the people we are still looking for:

Aaron Robertson, Adrian Barnes, Alex Bettencourt, Andrea Spence, Barb Yamazaki, Brad Tanner, Carol Popkin, Chandra Lesmeister, Chris Brandon, Colin Pereira, Coral Short, Dale Sawyer, Dave Jamieson, Dave Ryan, David Mills, Dean Hill, Don Bull, Doug Ferris, Eric Damianos, Franco Janusz, Frank Henville, Hillary Russell, Iain Bowman, Ian Cuthbertson, Ian McKinnon, Jeanna South, Jeff McKinnon, Jeremy Price, Jerome Yang, Joe Morel, Joel Fransen, John Ounpuu, John Seminoff, Justin Ho, Justin Leigh, Kandace Kerr, Kevin Pendergraft, Kevin Smith, Klaudia Zapala, Krista Hanni, Lucy Crowthers, Marc Dinsdale, Mark Constantinescu, Marty George, Michael Grigg, Mike Harding, Mike Johal, Mikkel Ranniste, Nancy Smith, Nicola Zeunert, Nigel Best, Rachelle Rae, Rob Simms, Russ Hergert, Shawn Bouchard, Shazia Islam, Shirley Soo, Slavko Bucifal, Svea Sjoberg, Ted Eng, Tommy Paley, Tony Day, Vince Yeh

RAMBLE ON with ZULU

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS Electric Version CD

Who do you find more attractive — Brad Pitt or George Clooney? I can see you're giving my question some pretty serious thought, but what's that you say? How is this related to the release of *Electric Version*, Vancouver supergroup *The New Pornographers'* much-anticipated sophomore album? Well now... we at Zulu Records are so confident that you, as a discerning local record buyer, will both purchase and adore said album that we're perfectly happy to waste advertising space on asking the superhunks. *Electric Version* is put out by Mint Records in Canada, Matador in Europe/US. It features *Neko Case* alongside members of *Destroyer*, *Zamparo* and *Limblifter* and it's awesome. But, heck, you already knew that, didn't you? AVAILABLE MAY 6TH

CD 14.98

McENROE

Disenfranchised CD

Vancouver's answer to Anticon Kingpin Sole, McEnroe has been rocking the mic around these parts for over a decade now. Disenfranchised, his debut full-length album, is a fully realized hip-hop opus that skirts a fine line between being bitterly hilarious and unbearably poignant. As such, it seems set to considerably raise the profile of excellent local rap imprint Peanuts and Corn. Heads up! The time has come to start supporting local visionaries — start here.

CD 14.98

In-Store: Zulu Presents Music in the Evening

THE ONE AM RADIO The Hum of Electric Air CD

Former punk guy, Hrishikesh Hirway, lures with hand-made, Jane Yakowitz, drops the microphone for the gentle folk-pop of *Is Belle and Sebastian*. *Sparklehorse*, the Red House Painters before they went thick and electric, and any of the newer European electronic-folk groups. With nice strumming guitar and violin backed by soft beats and tasteful washes of electronic ambience, the result is slow, dreamy and atmospheric sad-pop — the kind that's right for silently holding hands with the one you care for, overcome by that weird kind of "I'm so sad and alone because I'm in love," feeling. Ah, sweet. So take our hands, gentle customers, and sit with us on the comfortable couch of beautiful sadness. Together we can look out the window as dusk takes over, the streets quieting. *The Hum of Electric Air* is the soundtrack to this calm cocoon of passionate ennui. Can anyone else understand us? Alas, no. Turn up the stereo.

CD 14.98

**APPEARING EXCLUSIVELY
AT ZULU RECORDS
Thursday May 15th at 7PM**



THE DEARS No Cities Left CD

I know it sounds cliché, but I your parents don't understand you. Neither does your straight-laced roommate, who once observed, "give up your obscurantist strategies — the only way you'll ever make it, your mom's Christian carter." Given judging from the live tips at corner store confession booth, pain is still in style, may even paying for the privilege. But this is no solution — what do? Well, you could always listen to your old Smiths records. Sure. But this ain't no longer soothes and repairs, let us recommend this coping strategy, instead. Have a dinner party with your parents, relatives and straight-laced roommate. Serve a sumptuous meal with red wine. Spin the latest album from Montreal's melancholic pop outfit, *The Dears*, to help pass the time until the crime bubble. Then suddenly, just as the guests scrape away their custard, you rise and exit through the front door, saying nothing, never to return, leaving *The Dears* playing in the background as your only explanation. Trust us, they'll understand everything then.

CD 16.98

STYROFOAM

I'm What's There To Show That Something's Missing CD

Some of us are in love with Germany. The romance may have been kindled by great novels such as Günter Grass's *Cat and Mouse* or Alfred Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, but let's give credit where credit is due — what has kept these heart-fires burning throughout the years is the music. Lately, it's been the men and women behind the Morr Music label who have been shoveling charcoal into the great german musical-steam engine, offering up fine musical outfits like *Lali Puna*, *Ms. John Soda*, and, now, *Styrofoam* for those of us with a penchant for fine electronic musings. Kind of like how Dan Jelinek spiced things up last round with some vocals, *Styrofoam* throw away the minimalists for a bit of a real-life alter. After two quiet little wonders on Morr, *Styrofoam* has decided to beat up the mic, combining vocals with clicks and cuts of that good old german "Lust auf Leben!" This train's right on track! AVAILABLE MAY 6TH

CD 22.98

MOLASSES

A Slow Messe CD

Up! Let Whitman once write, Lo! The moon ascending! Well, from the East, the silver round moon; Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon; Immense and silent moon. Whitman's moon holds the empty promise that one can somehow get out, escape from the world, but only to an imaginary destination. Still, this moon is an elevating reminder that there is always another place — an "other" place, if you wish. Featuring guests *Thalia Zedek* (Come Live Skull) and *Christine Brokaw* (Come Pullman, Celine), alongside regulars from *Godspeed You Black Emperor*, *Set Fire to Flames*, and *Arctia* as well as our old Scott Chenier, this Montreal folk-music ensemble have penned 26 serene ballads for time lost spent gazing at the phantom moon. A haunting two hours of music — and hands down great packaging, too. Recommended.

2CD 19.98

WIRE Send CD

Young dogs have taken the field, passing on all the old trees. This isn't out of disrespect, though, just because. What else are they going to do? *Repulse, Intrepid, Not Hot Heat*, you name it — they owe it. Time for the cash in, the return of the real — *Wire* taught us all a lesson and now they want to give the dogs a run. Why not? As their last EPs made clear, *Wire* manages to be relevant today, not just due to past accomplishments (which are considerable, besides). Indeed, seems to be the year of great returns so far, what with the *Buzzcocks* producing a good one for Merge. Of course, as noted above, the stage was well set for the return of the original art-punk. So much contemporary post-punk pop music is indebted to the genius of *Wire* in particular. For example, *Pink Flag* is like an icon, one touch is all it takes — it stands up, keeps inspiring. Maybe there was some foresight here. After all, *Wire* was always the most literate of the earliest English punks. Maybe that's why it was easy for them to reemerge, lean and driven and ready to break new ground. Could've been a set-up all along. Let the dogs decide.

CD 19.98

THE BLOOD BROTHERS

Bum Piano Island Bum CD

I kick ass perfectly, And I know the arcane reaches of high culture on my trail. Hollywood producers are following me. They want to talk to me, but I've unplugged my phone. I don't sleep at my address. I don't have a lawyer to open my mail. No matter what they offer me, I won't listen — I don't speak their language. The critics think I stole from Neo Dada performance, the Situationists, and the Surrealists. They want me to dance in their lecture halls. I won't dance for free. If I've appropriated a strategy, it doesn't involve their understanding, comments or reviews. Everything should kick ass for a reason. Today, I like the *Blood Brothers*. Think of it as the creative product of a rebellious youth culture trying to reach a mass audience. Impossible? Good luck — this is Hellasaaaay!

CD 16.98

S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

Bobo Gnar Gnar CD/LP

Judging from the roaring buzz on this local quartet, entertainment lawyers will soon be joining the frustrated ranks of cops, landlords and parents as some of the people that are always around when S.T.R.E.E.T.S. least want them to be — the bitchiest! Yes, S.T.R.E.E.T.S. — an acronym for *Skating Totally Rules Everything Else Totally Sucks*, by the way — play hardcore skate punk-metal, old school style. But want to play this stuff right you gotta live a right, dope, and live it right they do, leaving behind a wasteland of destroyed basement apartments, trashed rooms and dads, outta-control live shows and massive, festering piles of discarded king cans of Hi-Tech. Can you say "radical"? Indeed. J.F.A. D.R.I., C.D.C., please meet, S.T.R.E.E.T.S. — you just might have something in common. Hey! Major Labels — are you listening to this stank? Not? Yes? Fuck you anyway.

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TOMAHAWK Mit Gaf CD

Our important life-lessons learned while dating someone obsessed with *Tomahawk*. First, never, ever say, "That sounds like metal." Second, never, ever bring up the image of the group being pelted with coins by unruly *Tool* fans — they opened for the latter but their total beauty was lost on the crowd. Third, recognize the irony of *Tomahawk*'s forthcoming 2003 *GeeK Tour* and make lots of room for sarcasm in your life. And finally, fourth, remember the answer to the following question: "Who is M.P. and why are his initials tattooed on your arm?" That's right, *Mike Patton*, honey, who else? AVAILABLE MAY 6TH

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WILCO

I Am Trying To Break Your Heart 2DVD

Our James' incredible documentary chronicles the turbulent time surrounding the creation of Wilco's landmark album, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*. With label disputes and inner-band strife, this remarkable film seems like a metaphor for America's current contradiction between its promise and its reality, where individual liberty and vision are regularly disregarded for the bottom line, be it in terms of war or business. Happily, however, talent and truth prevailed in this case — evidence that our dreams of utopia are worth maintaining, even if our present reality is sometimes burdened by half steps and endless compromises. This one DVD set includes 17 additional *Wilco* songs, with alternate versions, live performances, unreleased tracks and more. Even for the most diehard fans, *I Am Trying To Break Your Heart* will make you appreciate *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* that much more, making clear that *Wilco* are perhaps the best and most important contemporary American band going.

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